

Hymns

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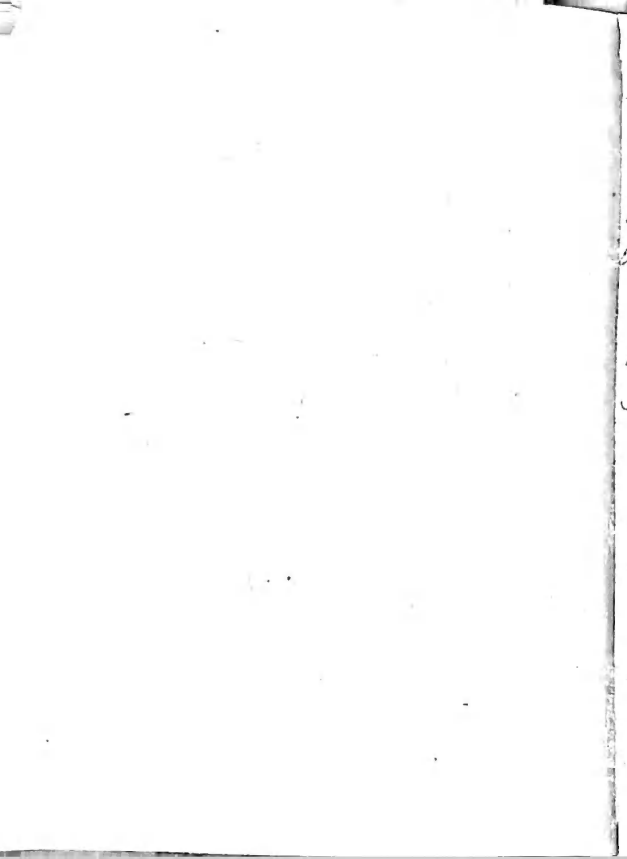
SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME

Revised and Enlarged Edition

ANGEL GUARDIAN PRESS
BOSTON, MASS.

ST MARTIN'S COLLEGE 24

5th BOYS



Lord bless us all before
we go.

From this ^{thy} holy place.

May all our lives be sanctified
And hallowed by thy grace
And may the Holy Sacrifice,
Now offered up to Thee,
Bring greater glory to thy name
Thro' all eternity.

Nihil obstat:

PATRICK J. WATERS, PH. D.,

Censor Librorum

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† WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL

Archbishop of Boston

JULY 20, 1921.



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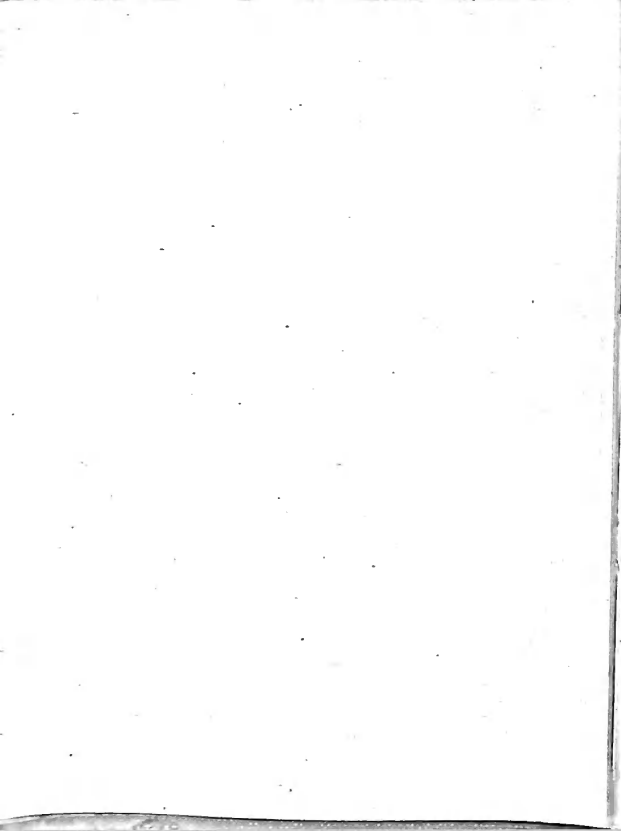
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HYMNS

1 ALMA REDEMPTORIS.

Alma, Alma, Alma,
Redemptoris Mater quae pervia
coeli.
Porta manes et stella maris succure
cadenti.

Chorus.

Porta manes et stella maris, succure
cadenti.

Surgere qui curat populo tu quae
genuisti,
Natura mirante Tuum sanctum
Genitorem.
Tuum sanctum Genitorem.

Chorus.

Tuum sanctum Genitorem, Tuum
sanctum Genitorem.

Virgo prius ac posterius,
Gabrielis ab ore Sumens illud ave
Peccatorum miserere, Peccatorum
miserere.

Chorus.

Peccatorum miserere, Peccatorum
miserere.

2. EXPECTATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Like the dawning of the morning,
On the mountain's golden heights
Like the breaking of the moon-
beams,

On the gloom of cloudy nights,
Like the secret told by Angels,
Getting known upon the earth,
Is the Mother's expectation,
Of Messiah's speedy birth.

Thou wert happy, blessed Mother,
With the very bliss of Heaven,
Since the Angel's salutation,
In thy raptured ear was given,
Since the Ave of that midnight,
When thou wast anointed Queen,
Like a river, overflowing
Hath the grace within thee been.

And what wonders have been in
thee

All the day and all the night,
While the angels fell before thee,
To adore the Light of Light;
While the glory of the Father
Hath been in thee as a home,
And the sceptre of creation
Had been wielded in thy womb.

Thou hast waited, Child of David!
 And thy waiting now is o'er!
 Thou hast seen Him, Blessed
 Mother!
 And wilt see Him evermore!
 Oh! His human Face and Features,
 They were passing sweet to see;
 Thou beholdest them this moment;
 Mother, show them now to me.

3. COME, O DIVINE MESSIAH.

Come, O Divine Messiah,
 The world in silence waits the day
 When hope shall sing its triumph,
 And sadness flee away.
 Sweet Savior, haste! come, come to
 earth,
 Dispel the night and show Thy face,
 And bid us hail the dawn of grace.

Come, O Divine Messiah,
 The world in silence waits the day
 When hope shall sing of triumph,
 And sadness flee away.

Thou'lt come in peace and meek-
 ness,
 And lowly will Thy cradle be,
 All veiled in human weakness,
 Thy majesty we'll see.
 Sweet Savior, haste, come, come
 to Earth,
 Dispel the night, and show Thy face
 And bid us hail the dawn of grace.

O, Thou whom nations sighed for,
 Whom seer and prophet long fore-
 told.

Wilt break the captive's fetters,
 Redeem the long lost fold.
 Sweet Savior, haste, come, come
 to Earth
 Dispel the night, and show Thy
 face,
 And bid us hail the dawn of grace.

4. CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

At last Thou art come, little Saviour,
 And Thine Angels fill midnight
 with song.
 Thou art come to us, gentle Creator!
 Whom Thy creatures have sighed
 for so long.
 Dear Mary's little Flower
 Blooming in earthly bower,
 God hardly born an hour,
 Sweet Babe of Bethlehem!
 Hail Mary's Little One,
 Hail God's Eternal Son.
 Sweet Babe of Bethlehem. (Bis.)

Thou art come to Thy beautiful
 Mother;
 She had looked on Thy mar-
 vellous face;
 Thou art come to us, Maker of
 Mary!
 And she was thy channel of grace.
Chorus.

Thou hast brought with Thee
 plentiful pardon,
 And our souls overflow with de-
 light;
 Our hearts are half broken, dear
 Jesus!
 With the joy of this wonderful
 night.
Chorus.

We have waited so long for Thee,
Saviour!

Art Thou come to us, dearest!
at last?

Oh bless Thee, dear Joy of Thy
Mother!

'Tis worth all the wearisome
past! *Chorus.*

Thou art come, Thou art come,
Child of Mary!

Yet we hardly believe thou art
come:—

It seems such a wonder to have 'Thee
New Brother! with us in our
home. *Chorus.*

Thou wilt stay with us, Master
and Maker!

Thou wilt stay with us, now ever-
more

We will play with Thee, beautiful
Brother

On eternity's jubilant shore.
Chorus.

5. DEAR LITTLE ONE.

Chorus.

Dear little one, how sweet Thou art,
Thine eyes how bright they shine,
So bright, they almost seem to
speak,

When Mary's look meets Thine.

How faint and feeble is Thy cry,
Like plaint of harmless dove,

When Thou dost murmur in Thy
sleep
Of sorrow and of love!

When Mary bids Thee sleep Thou
sleep'st,

Thou wakest when she calls,
Thou art content upon her lap,
Or in the rugged stalls.

Simplest of babes! with what a
grace

Thou dost Thy Mother's will!
Thine infant fashions well betray
The Godhead's hidden skill.

When Joseph takes Thee in his arms
And smooths Thy little cheek,
Thou lookest up into his face
So helpless and so meek.

Yes! Thou art what Thou seem'st
to be,

A thing of smiles and tears;
Yet Thou art God, and heaven and
earth,
Adore Thee with their fears.

Yes! dearest Babe! those tiny hands
That play with Mary's hair,
The weight of all the mighty world
This very moment bear.

Art Thou, weak Babe, my very
God?

Oh, I must love Thee then,
Love Thee, and yearn to spread
Thy love
Among forgetful men.

6. WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT.

While shepherds watched their
flocks by night,

All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he, for mighty
dread

Had seized their troubled mind,
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

"To you, in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign.
The Heav'nly Babe you there shall
find,

To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the Seraph, and forth-
with

Appear'd ■ shining throng
Of angels praising God on high,
And thus rang out their song:

"All glory to God on high!
And to the Earth be peace!
Good will henceforth from Heaven
to men,
Begin and never cease."

7. WITH GLORY LIT.

With glory lit, the midnight air
Revealed bright angels hov'ring
there:

In fear beheld the raptured swains
When rose the heaven inspired
strains.

Chorus.

"Glory, glory glory to God, and
peace to earth, and peace to
earth.

Made glorious by the Saviour's
birth, by the Saviour's birth."

Then sweetly spoke the angelic
voice,

"Fear not; let heaven and earth
rejoice:

The child in Bethlehem's crib that
lies;

Is God descended from the skies."
Glory to God, &c.

The choirs of Heaven still bless
the morn,

When God through love for man
was born:

That God we humbly bow before,
And praise with angels and adore.
Glory to God, &c.

8. COMMUNION HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

Sweet Babe, reposing in my heart,
O make me burn for Thee;
And never from my soul depart,
But stay, O stay with me.

Filled with thy holy presence now,
I care no more for earth;
Nor ■■ my soul ■ thought allow,
But of thy sacred birth.

O! keep us from all wilful sin—
Protect us from our foe;
And ever dwell, sweet Babe, within
Our hearts, through life below.

O! cause us now, our infant King,
To live for Thee alone;
And make the buds of virtue spring
From seeds which Thou hast sown.

We promise ne'er again to swerve,
Dear infant King, from Thee;
Ah, no! but faithfully we'll serve
Our God of charity.

Now seal, sweet Babe, the contract
made
Between our souls and Thee;
O! never may thy frowns upbraid
Our want of constancy.

9. THE MESSENGER ANGEL.

The Messenger Angel, descending
at night,
Chased silence and shadow with
music and light;
The shepherds of Bethlehem heard
on the plain
The Messenger Angel, and this was
his strain,—
May peace be to mortals and glory
to Heaven;
The Promised of old to mankind
has been given;
Rejoice at the splendors that herald
His birth
The Saviour, the Saviour has come
upon earth!

The fields are adorned with the
verdure of May,
And Winter's chill bosom with
roses is gay,
The winds that made war on the
face of the deep,
Have sought their dark caverns and
lain down ■ sleep;
'Mid nature's glad triumphs, rise,
mortals, arise,
The mystery viewing with holy
surprise,
Rejoice at the glory that heralds
His birth,
The Saviour, the Saviour has come
upon earth!

Yet chanted the Seraph, when
rapturous strains
From thousands of angels awakened
the plains;
Ethereal splendor encircled the
throne
That caught up his theme, and re-
echoed his song.
The burden was swelled by each
heavenly voice,
The Expected has come, happy
mortals, rejoice;
Rejoice at the glories that herald
His birth,
The Saviour, the Saviour has come
upon earth!

10. CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Hark to the soft, sweet melody
Borne ■ the midnight air;
Glad tidings of salvation
From Heaven to earth they bear.

Rich "Glorias" are swelling
Beneath the heavenly dome,
In rapturous notes they're telling
An Infant Saviour born!

Thrice-favored, happy shepherds,
Who heard that heavenly song,
And gazed in thrilling transports
Upon the angel throng!

But, ah! the grace of graces
Was yours,—to gaze on Him,
Before whom saints' and angels'
Bright radiance grows dim.

And thou, sweet blissful Mother,
What joy could be like thine?
And is it not each year renewed
At this sweet Christmas time?

Oh, come to us, sweet Saviour,
And in our hearts be born;
Oh, come, Divine Messiah,
This holy Christmas morn!

11 HAIL! LOVELIEST CHILD.

Hail! loveliest child, in Bethlehem
born
Long ago, one Christmas morn
How I love on Thy face to gaze,
And with angel choirs to sing Thy
praise.

Chorus.

Beautiful child! fairest of earth!
We joyously hail
Thy holy and long-promised
birth.

How very kind Thy heart must be,

To make Thee come one earth for
me;
I wish that my heart were free from
sin,
And full of love to the very brim.

Then I'd gladly come to Thy
little grot,
That I might pray near that holy
spot,
For I know Thou lov'st good chil-
dren much,
Since Thy beautiful heaven was
made for such.

When from Thy crib I must de-
part,
I'll leave with Thee my loving
heart;
Sweet little Babe! beautiful child!
Ah! keep it and make it resemble
Thine.

12. TO THE INFANT JESUS.

Dearest little infant Jesus,
How we love your birthday
bright;
Had you never come among us,
Filling earth with joy and heaven-
ly light,
We'd not be so gay and happy
As we are this lovely day,
For our hearts are full of sunshine
While we sing our childish lay.

Chorus.

Little Jesus! how we love you;
Oh! will you take our hearts to-
day,
They are all we have to give you,

Keep them, sweet Infant, in
your heart, we pray.

When bright angels news were
bringing

Of your birth in Bethlehem,
And, with happy voices, singing
"Peace on earth to all good
men!"

Had we but the wings of angels,
Through the bright and starry
sky

To that poor and lowly manger,
Ah, how quickly would we fly!

For we know you are our Saviour,
Hidden though 'neath infant
form,

And you bring us heavenly fa-
vors,

'Tis for us on earth you're born,
Many, many are the blessings
You from your little crib bestow,
We ask but one, sweet little Jesus,
Pure hearts, until to heaven we
go.

13. FOR CHRISTMAS.

Listen to the notes of gladness,
Gloria! gloria!

Chasing from the death all sadness,
Gloria! gloria!

Hark! the angel voices singing,
Ne'er was heard a strain so
sweet,

Freshest verdure, too, is springing
'Neath the happy shepherds'
feet

Gloria! gloria! in excelsis Deo.

'Mid the heavenly anthems peal-
ing,—

Gloria! gloria!

Oh! what joy for us is beaming,—

Gloria! gloria!

The long-desired at length at-
tending

To His children's ardent cry,
From His glorious throne de-
scending,

Brings salvation from on high.

Gloria! gloria! in excelsis Deo!

14. SWEET, HOLY CHILD.

Jesus, teach me how to pray,
Suffer not my thoughts to stray
Send distractions far away,
Sweet holy Child.

Let me not be rude or wild,
Make me humble, meek and mild,
Pure as angels undefiled,
Sweet holy Child.

When I work or when I play,
Be Thou with me through the day.
Teach me what to do or say,
Sweet holy Child.

Make me love Thy mother blest.
Safe beneath her care to rest,
As a bird within its nest,
Sweet holy Child.

When the hour of death is nigh,
Then may Mary standing by
Take me in her arms to die,
Sweet holy Child.

So through all eternity,
Will I bless their charity,
Who first led my steps to Thee,
Sweet holy Child.

15. WHAT LOVELY INFANT CAN THIS BE!

What lovely Infant can this be,
That in the little crib I see?
So sweetly on the straw it lies,
||:It must come from Paradise.:||

Who is that Lady kneeling by,
And gazing on me tenderly?
Oh! that is Mary, ever blest,
||:How full of joy her holy breast.:||

What man is that who seems to
smile,
And look so blissful all the while?
'Tis holy Joseph, good and true,
||:The Infant makes him happy
too.:||

What makes the crib so bright and
clear?
What voices sing so sweetly here?
Ah! see behind the window-pane,
||The little angels looking in.:||

Who are those people kneeling
down,
With crooked sticks and hands
so brown?
The Shepherds from the moun-
tain top,
||:The little angels woke them up.:||

The ox and me how still and mild
They stand beside the Holy Child,
The little body underneath,
||:They warm so kindly with their
breath.:||

Hail! holy cave! though dark
thou be,
The world is lighted up from
thee,
Hail, Holy Babe! Creation stands,
||:And moves upon Thy little
hands.:||

16. OH! SING A JOYOUS CAROL.

Oh! sing a joyous carol
Unto the Holy Child,
And praise with gladsome voices
His Mother undefiled.
Our youthful voices greeting
Shall hail our Infant King,
And our sweet Lady listens
When children's voices sing.

Who is there meekly lying
In yonder stable poor?
Dear children, it is Jesus:
He bids you now adore.
Who is there kneeling by Him,
In virgin beauty fair?
It is our Mother, Mary,
She bids you all draw near.

Who is there near the manger
That guards the Holy Child?
It is the great Saint Joseph,
Chaste Spouse of Mary mild.

Dear children, oh! how joyful
With them in heaven to be!
God grant that none be missing
From that festivity.

17. SILENT NIGHT.

Silent night, sacred night,
Bethlehem sleeps, yet what light
Floats around the holy place,
Songs of angels fill the air,
Strains of heavenly peace,
Strains of heavenly peace.

Silent night, sacred night,
Shepherds first see the light,
Hear the Alleluias ring,
Which the angel-chorus sing;
Christ the Saviour has come,
Christ the Saviour has come.

Silent night, sacred night,
Son of God! oh, what light
Radiates from thy manger-bed
Over realms with darkness spread,
Thou in Bethlehem born,
Thou in Bethlehem born.

18. VENITE.

We sing with the angels
The glad Christmas song,
They sang in the midnight
When Jesus was born.

Chorus

Venite, venite in Bethlehem,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.

The beautiful angels
Came down on that night,
And made thro' the darkness
A pathway of light. *Chorus.*

They worshipped around Him
A radiant throng,
And sang ■ they worshipped
The beautiful song. *Chorus.*

They sought for the poorest
Of outcasts on earth,
And found little Jesus
The night of his birth. *Cho.*

The night learned the sweet song,
And sings it for aye,
Yet sings it more sweetly
When Christmas is nigh. *Cho.*

19. APPARUIT.

Resonet in laudibus Cum jucun-
dis plausibus
Sion cum fidelibus:

Chorus. Apparuit, apparuit quem
genuit Maria.

Pueri concinite, Nato Regi psallite,
Voce pia dicite: Apparuit.

Sion lauda Dominum, Salvatorem
hominum,
Lavatorum criminum: Apparuit.

Qui regnat in aethere, Venit ovem
quae-rere
Nullum volens perdere: Appa-
ruit.

Ergo nostra concio, De hoc tanto gaudio,
Benedicat Domino: Apparuit.

Deo Patri gloria, Natoque victoria,
Laus Sancto Paraceto: Apparuit.

20. JESU REDEMPTOR

Jesu, Redemptor omnium
Quem lucis ante originem,
Parem paternae gloriae
Pater supremus edidit.

Venite adoremus,
Venite in Bethlehem.

Tu, lumen et splendor Patris
Tu, spes perennis omnium
Intende quas fundunt preces
Tui per orbem servuli.

Memento rerum Conditor
Nostri quod olim corporis
Sacrata ab alvo Virginis
Nascendo formam sumpseris.

Testatur hoc praesens dies,
Currrens per anni circulum,
Quod solus in sinu Patris
Mundi salus adveneris.

Et nos, beata quos sacri
Rigavit unda sanguinis,
Natalis ob diem tui,
Hymni tributum solvimus.

Jesu tibi sit gloria
Qui natus es de Virgine
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu
In sempiterna saecula.

21. ADESTE FIDELES.

Adeste fideles, Laeti triumphantes;
Venite, Venite in Bethlehem;
Natum videte
Regem angelorum:
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de Lumine,
Gestant puellae viscera;
Deum verum,
Genitum, non factum:
Venite adoremus, etc.

Cantet nunc Io!
Chorus Angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula coelestium,
Gloria: in excelsis Deo:
Venite adoremus, etc.

Ergo qui natus
Die hodierna,
Jesu Tibi sit gloria:
Patris aeternae
Verbum caro factum.
Venite adoremus, etc.

22. LIGHT OF CHRISTMAS MORN.

'Twas when the world was waxing
old,
And night on Bethlehem lay;
The Angels saw the heav'ns unfold
A light beyond the day;
Such Glory ne'er had visited

A world with sin outworn,
But yet more glorious Light is shed
On happy Christmas morn.
Awake, awake creation,
Arise for Light is come,
Lo! earth is chang'd to heaven,
For earth is Jesus' home.

Those shepherds poor, how blest
were they,
The angel's song to hear;
In manger cradle as He lay,
To greet their Lord so dear,
The Lord of Heav'n's eternal
height,
For us ■ child was born,
And He the very Light of Light,
Shone forth that Christmas morn.
Awake, awake, etc.

See Jesus in the manger,
How still and meek He lies;
Now smiles play on His features,
Now tears are in His eyes:
Oh! bless us, new-born Saviour,
While Thee we now adore,
And grant us grace to serve Thee
With love forevermore.
Awake, awake, etc.

23. THE LITTLE BABE.

He came from His high throne
to Bethlehem, ■ stranger,
He had no house or home, His
bed was a manger;
Ah! pity, adore, and proclaim
the poor Stranger,
And love the little Babe that
was born in ■ manger.

CHORUS

The little Babe, the little babe
that was born in ■ manger,
And love the little Babe that
was born ■ ■ manger.

He has pardons and graces for
those who'll come choose them,
But ah! it is sad to think that
many refuse them;
But come you and seek them,
and promise ne'er to lose them,
And love the little Babe that
was born in a manger,
The little Babe, etc.

He's on a bed of straw, the beasts
are around him,
Yet by a brilliant star the sages
have found Him
They pity, they know, and adore
the poor stranger,
And love the little Babe that
was laid in a manger.
The little Babe, etc.

Now tell me who is He, the won-
derful stranger,
And from whence can He be that
lies in a manger;
Do tell me, Oh! tell me, about the
poor stranger.
And who's the little Babe that
lies in ■ manger?
The little Babe, etc.

He is the Prince of Peace, the
Prophets foretold Him.
In Bethlehem of Juda, they said
we'd behold Him.

Your Saviour, your king, Oh! won't
you now own Him,
And love the little Babe, the
sweet hope of Sion?
The little Baba, etc.

24. SEE AMID THE WINTER'S SNOW.

See amid the winter's snow,
Born for ■■■ on earth below,
See the tender Lamb appears,
Promised from eternal years.

CHORUS

Gloria in excelsis Deo, Gloria in
excelsis Deo.

Lo! within a manger lies,
He who built the starry skies;
He who throned on height sub-
lime,
Sits amid the Cherubim.

Say, ye holy shepherds, say,
What's your joyful news to-day?
Wherefore have ye left your
sheep
On the lonely mountain steep?

"As ■■■ watched at dead of night,
Lo! we saw ■ wondrous light;
Angels singing 'Peace on earth,'
Told us of the Saviour's birth."

Sacred Infant! all divine!
What a tender love was Thine!
Thus to come from highest bliss,
Down to such a world as this!

Teach, Oh teach us, Holy Child!
By Thy face so meek and mild!

Teach us to resemble Thee
In Thy sweet humility.

25. O HOLY NIGHT.

O holy night! the stars ■■■ bright-
ly shining,

It is the night of the dear
Saviour's birth;
Long lay the world in sin and error
pining,
Till He appear'd and the soul
felt its worth.

A thrill of hope the weary world
rejoices,
For yonder breaks a new and
glorious morn.

Fall ■■■ your knees! O hear the
angel voices!

O night divine, O night when
Christ was born!
O night divine! O night, O night
divine!

Chorus

Fall on your knees! O hear the
angel voices!
O night divine! O night when
Christ was born!
O night divine! O night, O night
divine!

Led by the light of faith serenely
beaming,
With glowing hearts by His
cradle we stand;
So led by light of a star sweetly
gleaming,
Here came the wise men from the
Orient land.

The King of Kings lay thus in
lowly manger,

In all our trials born to be our
friend;

He knows our need, to our weak-
ness no stranger,

Behold your King! before Him
lowly bend;

Behold your King! your King!
before Him bend.

CHORUS

Truly He taught us to love one
another,

His law is Love and His gospel
is Peace;

Chains shall He break, for the
slave is our brother,

And in His name all oppression
shall cease.

Sweet hymns of joy in grateful
chorus raise we;

Let all within ■■ praise His Holy
name;

Christ is the Lord! O then ever
praise we,

His pow'r and glory evermore
proclaim.

His glory, His glory evermore pro-
claim.

CHORUS

26. A SOLIS.

A solis ortus cardine,
Ad usque terrae limitem,

A solis ortus cardine.
Ad usque terrae limitem.

Christum canamus principem
Natum Maria Virgine.

Christum canamus principem
Natum Maria Virgine.

CHORUS

Venite, Venite, Venite in Beth-
lehem.

Venite adoremus, venite in Beth-
lehem,

Venite, venite in Bethlehem.

Beatus auctor saeculi,
Servile corpus induit

Beatus auctor saeculi,
Servile corpus induit

Ut carne carnem liberans,
Ne perderet quos condidit

Ut carne carnem liberans
Ne perderet quos condidit.

CHORUS....

Jesu, tibi sit gloria,

Qui natus ■ de Virgine,

Jesu, tibi sit gloria,

Qui natus es de Virgine

Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,

In sempiterna saecula,

Cum Patre, et almo Spiritu,

In sempiterna saecula.

CHORUS. . .

27. PARVULUS.

Parvulus Filius hodie natus est
nobis,

Parvulus Filius hodie natus est
nobis,

Hodie, hodie, hodie natus ■■
nobis.

Hodie, hodie, hodie natus est nobis,
Venite, venite, venite adoremus,

Venite, venite adoremus.
 Gloria, Gloria, In excelsis Deo,
 Deo gloria.
 In excelsis Deo, Deo gloria.

28. HYMN TO THE CHILD JESUS.

Little King, so fair and sweet,
 See us gathered round Thy Feet,
 Be Thou Monarch of our School;
 It shall prosper 'neath Thy rule.
 We will be Thy subjects true,
 Brave to suffer, brave to do.
 All our hearts to thee we bring,
 Take them, keep them, little King.

Raise Thy little Hand to bless
 All our childhood's happiness;
 Bless our sorrow and our pain,
 That each cross may be our gain,
 By Thine own sweet childhood,
 Lord,

Sanctify each thought and word,
 Set Thy seal on everything
 Which we do, O little King.

Be our teacher when we learn,
 All the hard to easy turn;
 Be our Playmate when we play,
 So we shall indeed be gay.
 Keep us happy, keep us pure,
 While our childhood shall endure,
 All its days to Thee we bring,
 Bless them, guard them, little
 King.

Be our leader in the fight,
 In the darkness be our light,
 O'er the rough, and o'er the smooth,
 Safely guide our wayward youth.

Whereso'er our path may be,
 We will try to follow Thee,
 To Thy mantle we will cling,
 Help us, save us, little King.

29. WE THREE KINGS.

We three kings from Orient are
 Bearing gifts we traverse afar;
 Field and fountain,
 Grove and mountain,
 Following yonder star.

CHORUS

O star of wonder, star of light,
 Star of royal beauty bright,
 Ever leading,
 Still proceeding
 Guide us to that perfect light.

Born a King on Bethlehem's plain,
 Gold I bring to crown Him again;
 King forever,
 Ceasing never.
 Over us all to reign. CHORUS

Frankincense to offer have I,
 Incense breathes ■ Deity nigh;
 Prayer and praising,
 All men raising,
 Worship Him, God on high.

CHORUS

Myrrh I bring, its bitter perfume
 Breathes ■ life of gathering gloom
 Sorrowing, sighing,
 Bleeding, dying,
 Sealed in the stone-cold tomb.

CHORUS

30. LITTLE KING.

All the world is in Thy hand,
Little King! Little King!
All the stores of sea and land,
Little King! Little King!
All the treasures of the main,
All the wealth of hill and plain,
Shall we sue for help in vain?
Little King! Little King!

All the world is in thy hand,
Little King! Little King!
Only whisper Thy command,
Little King! Little King!
And Thy angel hosts will speed
Answering every urgent need,
That a human heart can plead,
Little King! Little King!

Reaching out imploring palms,
Little King! Little King!
Lo! we come to Thee for alms,
Little King! Little King!
Lowly mendicants we wait,
At Thy mercy's golden gate,
We, little, Thou, so great,
Little King! Little King!

All we ask is in Thy hand,
Little King! Little King!
And Thy heart can understand,
Little King! Little King!
All the wishes unexpressed,
The heart's need of peace and rest,
But Thy will is always best,
Little King! Little King!

Raise Thy hand divine to bless,
Little King! Little King!

All our efforts with success,
Little King! Little King!
Lead us through Thy Love's
sweet ways,
Bless the Burden of our days,
Thine the glory, thanks and praise,
Little King! Little King!

31. ROSE OF THE CROSS.

Rose of the cross, thou mystic
flow'r,
I lift my heart to thee,
In every melancholy hour,
O Mary, remember me!

In every melancholy hour,
O Mary, O Mary, remember
me.

Let me but stand where thou hast
stood,
Beside the crimson tree;
And by the Water and the blood,
O Mary, remember me!

There let me wash my sinful soul
And be from sin set free:
Drawn by thy love, by grace made
whole,
O Mary, remember me.

Rose of the Cross! thou thorn-
less Flower,
May I thy follower be?
And when temptation wields its
power,
O Mary, remember me!

And when I've gone life's weary
way,

And earth's no more for me;
Oh! then sweet Mother by me
stay;
O Mary, remember ■■

32. LITANY OF THE PASSION OF JESUS.

By the Blood that flowed from
Thee,
In Thy bitter agony,
By the scourge so meekly borne,
By Thy purple robe of scorn,—

Chorus.

Jesus, Saviour, hear our cry,
Thou wert suffering once as
we,
Hear the loving Litany,
We, Thy children, sing to Thee.

By the Thorns that crown'd Thy
head,
By Thy sceptre of a reed,
By Thy footsteps faint and slow,
Weighs beneath Thy cross of
woe,—

By the nails and pointed spear,
By Thy peoples' cruel jeer,
By Thy dying prayer which rose
Begging mercy for Thy foes,—

By the darkness thick as night,
Blotting out the sun from sight;
By the cry with which in death
Thou didst yield Thy parting
breath,—

By Thy weeping mother's woe,
By the sword that pierced her
through,
When in anguish standing by,
On the cross she saw Thee die.

33. JESUS DEAR, 'TIS PASSION TIDE.

Jesus dear, 'tis Passion-tide,
And everything seems so sad and
drear;
They tell me this is the holy time
When Thou didst die for love of me.

That first Thy tender limbs were
scourged,
Then crowned with thorns Thy
lovely head,
Thy feet and hands nailed to the
cross,
Where Thou didst hang till life
had fled.

Chorus.

Sweet suffering Lord, I'm but ■
child.

Yet ah! they tell ■■■ that my sins
Have nailed Thee to that pain-
ful cross;

Ah! Jesus, all my sins forgive.

How grieved Thy sweet mother
must be,

To ■■■ Thee suffering so much,
and die;

Oh! were I there I'd wipe her tears,
And to console her I would try.

Keep me, sweet Jesus, from every
sin.

In suffering make me think of
Thee,
And ah! my heart with love in-
flame,
For Thee, who died for love of
me.

34. HYMN TO THE SACRED FACE.

Tears on Thy Sacred Face, my
God!

Long sorrow, told by tears,
A wreath of torture crowns at
last

The agony of years.
Thy glory dimmed, Thy beauty
fled,

Thy tender, touching grace
Beams on us now no longer here,
O Sacred, Suffering Face!

Grief ■■■ Thy Sacred Face, my
God!

The anguish that shall win
Hope for the desolate, with peace
And pardon for the sin,
The sin whose deadly hands have
laid

So deep, so sad ■ trace
On Brow, and Lips, and weeping
Eyes,
O Sacred, Suffering Face!

Love on Thy Sacred Face, my
God!

The love that liveth on
Though light, and loveliness, and
joy,

To sight of earth are gone;
The love that calls us to Thy Feet,

And folds in Thine embrace
The children of Thy tears My
God!

O Sacred, Suffering Face!

We pray Thee for Thy straying
sheep,

We pray Thee for the eyes,
The lips, the hearts, that always
bid

Thine own hot teardrops rise;
We pray Thee for this world of
Thine,

Its wandering, wilful race.
Lead it, kind Shepherd, to Thy
Shrine,

Thy Sacred, Suffering Face.

Unclose Thy weary eyes, my God;
Bow down Thy weary Head,
Over the souls that prostrate lie
Thy precious blood be shed.
O royal flood, O golden flood
Of faith, of hope, of grace,
Bless Thou the hearts and eyes
that seek

Thy Sacred, Suffering Face.

35. VISION OF THE WOUNDS.

Two hands have haunted me for
days,

Two hands of slender shape;
All crush'd and torn ■ ■ ■ the
press

Is bruise'd the purple grape.
At work or meals, at pray'r or
play,

Those mangled Palms I see,
And ■ plaintive voice keeps whis-
pering

"These Hands were pierc'd for thee,"

For me, Sweet Lord! for me?
"Yea even so, ungrateful child,
These Hands were pierc'd for thee."

Through toil and dangers pressing on,

As through a fiery flood;
Two slender Feet besides mine own

Mark every step with blood.
The swollen veins ■ rent with nails,

It breaks my heart to see.
While the same sad voice cries
our afresh

"These Feet were pierced for thee."

For me dear Christ! for me?
"Yea, even so, rebellious soul
These Feet were pierced for thee."

As ■ they journey to the close,
These wounded Feet and mine;
Distincter still the vision grows,
And more and more divine.
For in my Guide's wide open side,

The riven Heart I see,
And a tender voice sobs like ■ psalm

"This heart was pierced for thee."

For me, great God! for me?
"Yea enter in my love, my lamb!
This Heart was pierced for thee."

36. JESUS OUR LOVE ■ CRUCIFIED.

Oh! come and mourn with me
awhile,

See Mary calls ■ to her side;
Oh! come and let us mourn with her,

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Chorus.

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Have we ■ tears to shed for Him
While soldiers scoff and Jews
deride?

Ah! look how patiently He hangs;
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Seven times he spoke, seven words
of love,
And all three hours His silence
cried

For mercy on the souls of men.
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Death came and Jesus meekly
bowed;

His failing eyes he strove to
guide

With mindful love to Mary's
face;

Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

Come, take thy stand beneath
the Cross,

And let the blood from out
that side

Fall gently on thee drop by drop;—
Jesus, our Love is crucified.

O Love of God! O sin of man!
In this dread act your strength
is tried

And victory remains with Love,
For he, our Love, ■ crucified.

37. STABAT MATER.

Stabat Mater dolorosa,
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem,
Contristatam et dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta,
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti!

Quae moerebat et dolebat,
Pia Mater dum videbat,
Nati poenas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret
Matrem Christi si videret
In tanto supplicio?

Quis ■■■ posset contristari,
Christi Matre contemplari
Dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Jesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem Natum
Moriendo desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eia Mater, fons amoris
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.

Fac me tecum pie flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero.

Juxta crucem tecum stare,
Et ■■■ tibi sociare
In planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum praeclara,
Mihi jam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas recolare.

Fac ■■ plagis vulnerari,
Fac me cruce inebriari,
Et cruore Filii.

Inflammatum, et accensum,
Per te, Virgo, sim defensum
In die judicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,

Morte Christi paemuniri,
Confoveri gratia.

Christi, cum sit hinc exire,
Da per Matrem me venire,
Ad palman victoriae.

Quando corpus morietur,
Fac ut animae donetur,
Paradisi gloria.—Amen.

38. HE ■ RISEN.

He is risen! He is risen!
Chants the Angel at the tomb,
Death ■ longer has dominion;
Light has broken thro' the gloom.
Alleluia, alleluia, Lo! the stone is
rolled away,
Alleluia, alleluia, Heav'n opens
wide today.

He is risen! He is risen!
They who love Him seek in vain
Empty is the rock-bound prison,
Christ begins His Kingly reign.
Alleluia, alleluia, list to what the
angels say,
Alleluia, alleluia, Christ is- risen
today.

He is risen! He is risen!
Heaven's hosts in glory sing,
Death, thou art no longer victor,
Grave, where is thy boasted sting?
Alleluia, alleluia, glory to our
risen King;
Alleluia, alleluia, men and angels
sing.

He is risen! He is risen!

Spread the tidings far and wide;
He has left the grave triumphant,
Now immortal, glorified.
Alleluia, alleluia, hymns of praise
we gladly sing,
Alleluia, alleluia, glory to our
King.

39. KING OF GLORY.

Our Lord is risen from the dead;
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the
sky.

Chorus.

Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord, that all his foes o'er-
came:
The world, sin, death, and hell
o'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's
name.

There his triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly
gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Loose your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' ethereal
scene;
He claims these mansions as his
right;
Receive the King of glory in.

Lo! his triumphant chariot waits,

And angels chant the solemn
lay;
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly
gates;
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Loose your bars of massy light.
And wide unfold th' ethereal
scene;
He claims these mansions as his
right;
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord of glorious power
possessed;
The King of saints and angels too;
God over all, forever blest.

40. RESURREXIT.

Resurrexi, resurrexi, resurrexi,
Et ad huc tecum sum, Alleluia!
Posuisti super me manum tuam
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Mirabilis facta est scientia tua
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Haec dies quam fecit Dominus,
Exultemus et laetemur in ea.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
Confitemini Domino quoniam bonus
Quoniam in sacculum misericordia
ejus.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

41. THE DAWN WAS PURPLING O'ER THE SKY.

The dawn was purpling o'er the
sky;
With alleluias rang the air;

Earth held ■ glorious jubilee,
Hell gnashed its teeth in fierce de-
spair,

When our most valiant mighty
King

From death's abyss in dread
array,

Led the long-prisoned Fathers forth
Into the beam of life and day.

When He whom stone and seal
and guard

Had safely to the tomb consigned
Triumphant rose, and buried death

Deep in the cave He left behind.
Calm all your grief, and still your
tears,

Hark! the descending angel cries,
For Christ is risen from the dead
And death is slain, ■ more to
rise.

42. EASTER HYMN.

Lo! the chains of death are broken;
Christ the Lord is risen to-day;
Angels give the welcome token,
See! the stone is rolled away!

Refrain.

Alleluia! Alleluia!
Vict'ry marks its shining way!
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Christ, the Lord, ■ risen to-
day.

See! the tomb ■ more can claim
Him,

Mary hears the Master's voice.
Lord! indeed, we gladly name Him,
All the Choirs of Heaven rejoice.

43. CHRIST IS RISEN.

Christ is risen from the dead,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Risen as He truly said;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
O praise the Lord with grateful
voice,

Bless His Name, Rejoice, Rejoice,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Resurrexit sicut dixit, Alleluia,
Alleluia!

Angels clad in snowy white,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Coming from the realms of light,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
They bid us sing with grateful
voice

Bid us all Rejoice, Rejoice! Alle-
luia, Alleluia!
Resurrexit, sicut dixit, Alleluia,
Alleluia!

Man was but a slave before,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Man is free forevermore,
Alleluia, Alleluia!
Now Heaven and earth with
grateful voice,
Bid us all Rejoice, Rejoice! Alle-
luia, Alleluia!
Resurrexit, sicut dixit Alleluia,
Alleluia!

44. EASTER HYMN.

To-day He's risen, death no more
Shall bind him to the grave;
No more can hell or sin's fell pow'r

O'er him dominion have.
He, liken'd to our sinful form,
Once doom'd himself to die,
That He by death, might death
o'ercome,
Its deadly sting destroy.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

O death! where's now thy mortal
sting?

Where's now thy victory?
To-day his glorious praise we sing;
Who triumph'd over thee.
Not triumph'd for Himself alone;
But, by his mighty pow'r,
Taught us to triumph in our turn,
Nor dread thy terrors more.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

For lo! the dread of death is sin,
And never-ending woe;
From thence it is our terrors
spring
From thence our evils flow.
But now from sin and hell set
free
No longer death we'll fear;
But, longing for eternity,
Rejoice, when it draws near.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

I know that my Redeemer lives,
And reigns above the skies;
He will revive my dust again,
And bid my body rise.
Then cloth'd in my own glorious flesh
I shall behold His face!
That sweet hope in my bosom glows,
And cheers my ling'ring days.
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia

Ye angels now who watch around
 The Conqueror's heav'nly throne;
 Aid us to make the skies resound,
 The victory for us won.
 Aid us to sing his worthy praise,
 With one united heart;
 Aid us to walk in all his ways,
 Till we from life depart.
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.

45. REGINA COELI. No. 2.

Regina coeli, Regina coeli laetare,
 Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia.
 Quia quem meruisti portare,
 quem meruisti portare
 Resurrexit sicut dixit, Resurrexit
 sicut dixit.
 Ora, ora, ora pro nobis Deum.

46. VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
 Et emitte coelitus
 Lucis tuae radium.
 Veni Pater pauperum,
 Veni dator munerum,
 Veni lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
 Dulcis hospes animae,
 Dulce refrigerium.
 In labore requies.
 In aestu temperies,
 In fletu solatiium.

O lux beatissima,
 Reple cordis intima
 Tuorum fidelium.
 Sine tuo numine,

Nihil est in homine,
 Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum
 Riga quod est aridum
 Sana quod est saucium.
 Flecte quod est rigidum,
 Fove quod est frigidum,
 Rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus,
 In te confidentibus,
 Sacrum septenarium.
 Da virtutis meritum,
 Da salutis exitum
 Da perenne gaudium.

47. SEE THE PARACLETE DESCENDING.

See the Paraclete descending,
 Burning with celestial fire,
 Grace and truth on him attending,
 Men with heav'nly love inspire.

Chorus.

Let us, Alleluias singing,
 Offer him our grateful lays,
 He all heav'nly graces bringing,
 Merits everlasting praise.

Men in ev'ry danger fearing,
 Now the greatest danger's
 scorn:
 Midst of torments persevering,
 Show themselves in Christ
 new-born. *Cho.*

Source of love, our hearts in-
 flaming.
 With true zeal and virtue pure

Grant we may in heaven reign-
ing,
Sing Thy praise for evermore.
Cho.

48. HYMN FOR CONFIRMA- TION.

My God, accept my heart this
day,
And make it always thine,—
That I from thee no more may
stray,
No more from Thee decline.

Before the cross of Him who died,
Behold, I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified,—
Let Christ be all in all!

Anoint me with Thy heavenly
grace,
Adopt me for Thine own,—
That I may see Thy glorious face,
And worship at Thy throne!

May Thy dear blood, once shed
for me,
My blest atonement prove,—
That I from first to last may be
The purchase of Thy love.

Let every thought, and work,
and word
To Thee be ever given,—
Then life shall be Thy service,
Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

49. HOLY GHOST, COME DOWN UPON THY CHILDREN.

Holy Ghost, come down upon
Thy children,
Give us grace, and make us
Thine;
Thy tender fires within us kindle,
Blessed Spirit! Love Divine!

For all within us good and holy
Is from Thee, Thy precious
gift.

In all our joys, in all our sorrows,
Wistful hearts to thee we lift.

For Thou to us art more than
father,
More than sister in Thy love.
So gentle, patient, and forbearing,
Holy Spirit! Heavenly Dove.

O, we have grieved Thee, gra-
cious Spirit!
Wayward, wanton, sold are we;
And still our sins, new every
morning
Never yet have wearied Thee.

Dear Paraclete! how hast Thou
waited,
While our hearts were slowly
turned!
How often hath Thy love been
slighted,
While for us it grieved and
burned!

Now, if our hearts do not deceive
us

We would take Thee for our
Lord;
O dearest Spirit! make us faith-
ful
To Thy least and lightest word.

Ah! Sweet Consoler, though we
cannot
Love Thee ■ Thou lovest us,
Yet if Thou deign'st our hearts
to kindle,
They will not be always thus.

50. COME, HOLY GHOST.

Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
From Thy bright Heavenly
throne;
Come take possession of our
souls,
And make them all thine own.

Thou who art called the Para-
clete,
Best gift of God above;
The Living Spring, the Living
Fire
Sweet Unction and True Love.

Thou who art sevenfold in Thy
grace,
Finger of God's right hand;
His promise teaching little ones
To speak and understand.

O! guide our minds with Thy
blest light,
With love our hearts inflame;
And with Thy strength which
ne'er decays,
Confirm our mortal frame.

Far from ■ drive our hellish foe,
True peace unto us bring;
And through all our perils lead
us safe,
Beneath Thy sacred wing.

Through thee may we the Father
know,
Through Thee, the Eternal Son,
And Thee, the Spirit of them both,
Thrice blessed Three in One.

All glory to the Father be,
With His co-equal Son,
The same to Thee, Great Para-
clete,
While endless ages run.

51. COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

Come Holy Ghost, send down
those beams
Which sweetly flow in silent
streams
From Thy bright throne above.
O come, thou Father of the poor,
O come, thou Source of all our
store
Come, fill our hearts with love.

O Thou, of Comforters the best,
O Thou, the soul's delightful
guest,
The Pilgrim's Sweet Relief.
Thou art true rest in toil and
sweat,
Refreshment in excess of heat
And solace in our grief.
Thrice blessed Light, shoot home
Thy darts,

And pierce the centres of those
hearts,

Whose faith aspires to Thee;
Without Thy Godhead nothing
can

Have any price or worth in man,
Nothing can harmless be.

Lord, wash our sinful stains away
Water from Heaven our barren
clay,

Our wounds and bruises heal;
To Thy sweet yoke our stiff necks
bow,

Warm with Thy fire our hearts of
snow,
Our wand'ring feet repeal.

Grant to Thy faithful, dearest
Lord,

Whose only hope is Thy sure word,
The seven gifts of the Spirit:
Grant ■ in life Thy helping grace,
Grant us at death to see Thy face,
And endless joys inherit.

52. HYMN FOR PENTECOST.

Come Holy Spirit, Mighty God,
The sanctifying Dove;

Come, fill us with thy heavenly
grace
Enkindle here thy love.

Come rest upon our sinful heads
In tongues of heavenly fire,
With thoughts of good, and hopes
of life

Our frozen hearts inspire.

Third person of thy mystic Three

No intellect ■ reach,
Author of language, source of
Grace
Fidelity now teach.

Teach us our duty to our God
And to our brethren all,
Imprint upon our hearts Thy seal
Lest into sin we fall.

53. VENI CREATOR SPIRITUS

Veni Creator Spiritus!
Mentes tuorum visita;
Imple superna gratia;
Quae tu creasti pectora!

Qui diceris Paraclitus!
Altissimi donum Dei;
Fons vivus ignis charitas,
Et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere!
Digitus Paternae dexteræ;
Tu rite promissum Patris;
Sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
Infunde amorem cordibus,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

Hostem repellas longius;
Pacemque dones protinus;
Ductore sic te praevio
Vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem,
Noscamus atque Filium,
Teque utriusque Spiritum
Credamus omni tempore.

Deo Patri sit gloria,
Et Filio, qui a mortuis
Surrexit, ac Paraclito,
In saeculorum saecula. Amen.

54. LONG LIVE THE POPE.

Long live the Pope!
His praises sound again and yet
again;
His rule is over space and time;
His throne the hearts of men;
All hail! the Shepherd-King of
Rome,
The theme of loving song:
Let all the earth his glory sing,
And heav'n the strain prolong,—
Let all the earth his glory sing,
And heav'n the strain prolong,

Beleaguered by the foes of earth,
Beset by hosts of Hell,
He guards the loyal flock of Christ,
A watchful sentinel;
And yet, amid the din and strife,
The clash of mace and sword,
He bears alone the shepherd staff,
This champion of the Lord—
He bears alone the shepherd-staff,
This champion of the Lord.

His signet is the Fisherman's,
No sceptre does he bear;
In meek and lowly majesty
He rules from Peter's Chair;
And yet from ev'ry tribe and
tongue,
From ev'ry clime and zone,
Three hundred-million voices sing,
The glory of his throne,—

Three hundred million voices sing,
The glory of his throne.

Then raise the chant, with heart
and voice,
In church and school and home:
"Long live the Shepherd of the
Flock!

Long live the Pope of Rome!"
Almighty Father, bless his work,
Protect him in his ways,
Receive his prayers, fulfil his hopes,
And grant him "length of days!"—
Receive his prayers, fulfil his hopes,
And grant him "length of days."

55. FULL IN THE PANTING HEART OF ROME

Full in the panting heart of Rome,
Beneath the apostle's crowning
dome,
From pilgrims' lips that kiss the
ground,
Breathes in all tongues one only
sound—
"God bless our Pope, the great,
the good."

The golden roof, the marble walls,
The Vatican's majestic halls,
The note re-doubles, till it fills
With echoes sweet, the seven hills.

Then surging through each hal-
lowed gate,
Where martyrs glory in peace
await,
It sweeps beyond the solemn plain
Peals over Alps, across the main.

From torrid South to frozen North
That wave harmonious stretches
forth;
Yet strikes no chord more true to
Rome's.
Than rings within our hearts and
homes;

For, like the sparks of unseen fire
That speak along the magic wire,
From home to home, from heart to
heart,
These words of countless children
dart.

56. O LORD OF HOSTS.

O Lord of Hosts, be mindful of
our pleading,

O let our prayer find favor in
Thy sight;

Hark to Thy Church triumphant
interceding,

Pity Thy Church, that groaneth
in the fight.

O God of Truth! no battle-line can
shake her,

Trusting in Thee, we shall not
lose our hope;

Hast Thou not said that Thou wilt
not forsake her?

Hear then our prayer for the
Church and the Pope.

O Master dear, we sink, and Thou
art sleeping;

Dark is the night—the waves
our vessel fill—

Wake! Wake! O Lord, Thy Chil-
dren here are weeping,

Speak to the wind and waters:

"Peace be still."

Let not men say Thy promises
are failing;

Let them not boast Thy Church
hath lost her hope,

Let them not deem the gates of
Hell prevailing,

Hear Thou our prayer for the
Church and the Pope.

Shepherd of Souls! the wolves are
all around us;

Whisper again, O fear not, little
flock.

Jesus our King! the enemy sur-
round us;

Tell us Thy fortress stands upon
a rock.

Show us Thine Angels camping
round about us,

Strengthen our hearts in Faith
and Love and Hope,

If Thou art with us, legions shall
not rout us,

None shall prevail o'er the
Church and the Pope.

One mighty voice from all the
Church ascendeth,

"Pray for us sinners, holy Mary,
now."

Lift up your eyes, for God His
succour sendeth,

Mary hath placed her hand upon
the prow.

Star of the Sea! the Church of
Christ is calling,

Thou art her life, her sweetness,
and her hope,

Pray for the souls that waver or are
falling,

Pray for the Church and our
Father the Pope.

57. HYMN TO THE POPE.

MARCHE PONTIFICALE.

Viva, viva Pio, padre nostro
Papa! al nostro amore lo con-
servili Cielo!

Viva, viva Pio, padre nostro
Papa! lo conservi al nostro amorli
Cielo!

Hail, hail loving Ruler! Hail to
thee,

O gentle Father! "Love, glory
and honor!"

Sing thy children in endless praise.

Hail, hail, loving Ruler!

Hail, thrice hail, gentle Father!

May the race of our Lord be
with thee forever!

58. BEFORE COMMUNION.

Come! oh, come! my Jesus come,
Make this poor sad heart Thy
home!;

Come, but ere Thou come, pre-
pare

For Thyself a dwelling there.

Come, no longer, Lord, delay,

Veni, Jesu Domine!

But can e'en Thy heart endure,
One so selfish, mean, and poor;

So ungrateful, Lord to Thee,

Who has shed Thy blood for me?

How can I dare thus to say,

Veni, Jesu Domine!

Leave me, Lord, depart, depart
Come not near so vile a heart!
No!—forgive this foolish cry,
For without Thee, Lord, I die.

Pity me, turn not away,

Veni, Jesu Domine!

Veni, Jesu! come and see,
How my soul both yearn for Thee,
Come and place Thy heart as seal,
On what'er I do or feel;

Come to me and with me stay
Mane mecum, Domine!

59. JESUS, THOU ART COM- ING.

(Adoration and Faith.)

Jesus; thou art coming,

Holy as thou art,

Thou, the God who made me,
To my sinful heart.

Jesus! I believe it,

On Thy only word:

Kneeling, I adore Thee

As my King and Lord;

(Humility and Sorrow.)

Who am I my Jesus,

That Thou com'st to me?

I have sinned against Thee,

Often, grievously;

I am very sorry

I have caused Thee pain,

I will never, never,

Wound Thy Heart again.

(*Trust.*)

Put Thy kind arms round me,
Feeble ■ I am;
Thou art my Good Shepherd,
I, Thy little lamb;

Since Thou comest, Jesus,
Now to be my guest,
I can *trust* Thee always,
Lord, for all the rest.

(*Love and Desire.*)

Dearest Lord, I *love* Thee,
With my whole, whole heart,
Not for what Thou givest,
But for what Thou art.

Come, Oh! come, sweet Saviour,
Come to me, and stay,
For I *want* Thee, Jesus,
More than I can say.

(*Offering and Petition.*)

Ah! what gift or present,
Jesus, can I bring?
I have nothing worthy
Of my God and King;

But Thou art my Shepherd,
I, Thy little lamb;
Take *myself*, dear Jesus,
All I have and am.

Take my body, Jesus,
Eyes, and ears, and tongue;
Never let them, Jesus,
Help to do Thee wrong.

Take my heart, and fill it
Full of love for Thee;
All I have I give Thee,
Give Thyself to me.

60. AH, WHENCE TO ME THE BLISS.

Ah, whence to me the bliss
The joy, the heav'nly sweetness,
That now in torrents pure
My heart o'erflows,
My soul, oh be thou silent,
'Tis thy own sweet Jesus,
Who comes to thee this morn,
To be thy sweet repose.

Chorus.

Sweet Jesus, I adore Thee,
Within my happy heart,
To me, O Tender Jesus,
Thy grace and love impart.

My King art Thou, sweet Lord,
Though hidden be Thy splendor,
Its radiance ever clear,
In bliss doth shine.
And lowly 'mid its brightness
Trembling here before Thee,
I kneel and humbly beg,
To taste the sacred streams.

When death in terror comes,
And folds me in its darkness,
When earth and friends depart
Wilt Thou be near?
Ah then, in Thy compassion,
Turn Thine eyes upon me,
And bid me come to Thee,
Then call, then let me hear.

61. MY GOD, MY LIFE.

My God, my life, my love,
To Thee, to Thee I call:
O come to me from heaven above
And be my God, my all.

My faith beholds Thee, Lord,
Concealed in human food;
My senses fail; but in Thy word
I trust, and find my God.

O, when wilt Thou be mine,
Sweet lover of my soul!
My Jesus dear, my King divine;
Come, o'er my heart to rule.

O come! and fix Thy throne
In the midst of my heart;
O make it burn for thee alone,
And from thence ne'er depart.

Begone ye from my mind,
Vain, childish earthly toys,
In my Jesus alone I find
True pleasures, solid joys.

**62. IN THIS SACRAMENT,
SWEET JESUS.**

In this Sacrament, sweet Jesus
Thou dost give Thy flesh and
blood,
With Thy soul and God-head also
As our own most precious food.

Acts of Faith, Desire, etc.

Yes, dear Jesus, I *believe* it,
And Thy presence I *adore*,

And with all my heart I *love* Thee
May I love Thee more and more.

Come, sweet Jesus, in Thy mercy,
Give Thy flesh and blood to me;
Come to me, O dearest Jesus,
Come, my soul's true life to be.

Come, that I may live forever,
Thou in me, and I in Thee;
Living thus, I shall not perish
But shall live eternally.

**Acts of Thanksgiving and
Offering.**

Blessed be the love of Jesus,
Giving us His flesh and blood,
Blessed be His Mother Mary,
Mother ever kind and good.

Blessed be the great St. Joseph,
Sing then with devotion true:
"Dearest Jesus, Mary, Joseph,
Heart and life I give to you."

**63. JESUS, GENTLEST SAV-
IOUR.**

Jesus, gentlest saviour!
God of might and power!
Thou Thyself art dwelling
In me at this hour.

Nature cannot hold Thee,
Heaven is all too strait
For Thine endless glory
And Thy royal state.

Out beyond the shining
Of the furthest star,

Thou art ever stretching
Infinitely far.

Yet the hearts of children
Hold what worlds can not,
And the God of wonders
Loves the lowly spot.

As men to their gardens
Go to seek sweet flowers.
In our hearts dear Jesus
Seeks them at all hours.

Jesus, gentlest Saviour!
Thou art in us now;
Fill us full of goodness
Till our hearts o'erflow.

Pray the prayer within us,
That to Heaven shall rise;
Sing the song that angels
Sing above the skies.

Multiply our graces,
Chiefly love and fear,
And, dear Lord, the chiefest—
Grace to persevere.

Oh! how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this?
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss.

Ah! when wilt Thou always
Make our hearts Thy home?
We must wait for Heaven.
Then the day will come.

Now at least we'll keep Thee
All the time we may,

But Thy grace and blessing
We will keep away.

When our hearts Thou leavest,
Worthless though they be,
Give them to Thy Mother
To be kept for Thee.

64. THE LORD OF GLORY.

The Lord of Glory
(O wondrous story!)
Hath made His home within my
breast;
Bowed down before him,
My soul adore him,
Who 'neath thy roof vouchsafes
to rest,
Good angels aid me,
The God who made me,
Who died to save me, is now my
Guest;
Ah! softly sing Him
Sweet songs and bring Him
Your burning love, your worship
blest.

My God, I bless thee,
Revere, confess Thee,
And love and trust with all my
heart;
Thy child is wailing
Each fault and failing
That caused Thee pain, or tear
or smart.
Dear Lord, forgive me,
My sins that grieve me,
Because I love Thee for all thou
art;
To know Thee clearly,

To love Thee dearly,
Be now my portion, my only part.

My Jesus, never
Shall creature sever
My happy heart from love of
Thee!

Ah! do not let me,
My king, forget Thee,
And oh! do Thou remember me!
My only Treasure,
My Rest and Pleasure,
My Rock and Fortress forever be;
In strife defend me,
In sickness tend me,
And come in death to set me free.

When daylight shineth,
When day declineth,
In storm and sun, abide with me
In joy and gladness,
In pain and sadness,
O let me, Lord, be close to Thee.
Good Shepherd, feed me,
And guard and lead me,
To Thy bright pastures beyond
the sea,
To make in glory,
(O wondrous story!)
One long communion eternally.

65. JESUS, JESUS, DEAREST JESUS!

Jesus, Jesus, dearest Jesus!
Thou hast left Thy Throne
above,
And art come to dwell within us,
O Thou mighty God of love!

Chorus.

We adore Thee, we adore Thee,

May we never from Thee part,
Jesus! be our King and Saviour!
For our Lord and God Thou
art.

We believe ~~we~~ have received Thee,
And in humble trust adore;
Praises be to Thee, sweet Jesus,
May we love Thee more and
more.

We can never thank our Jesus
For this gift, so great, so high;
Saints and Angels, bless Him for
us

In your hymns beyond the sky.

Make us humble, make us patient,
Pure of heart and strong to
dare;
Give us, too, that crowning bless-
ing,

Thy dear Mother's special care.

Sacred Heart! take Thou our
offering;

All we have we give to Thee,
Life and strength, and soul, and
body,

To be Thine eternally.

66. THANKSGIVING AFTER COMMUNION.

(Messenger of the Sacred Heart.)

Thou for whom I've long been
sighing,

Jesus, now at last Thou'rt mine,
In Thy sweet embraces lying,
Press, ah press, my heart to
Thine.

Who possesses Thee, possesses
More than all this earth bestows,
E'en the joy in Heaven that
blesses

To Thy heart its fountain owes.

Scarce to Thy entreaties rushing,
Have I turned my wearied soul,
When, with love the sweetest
gushing,

Thou art near me to console.
Oh! my heart's delight! my treasure!
Sweetest Jesus! make me Thine;

May it be Thy sweetest pleasure
To reign within this heart of
mine!

Loving Jesus! hear me ever
Chanting all Thy mercy's praise!
And when death shall come to sever

Earth's frail bonds, it then shall
raise

Songs triumphant, till disclosing
All Thy beauty face to face,
'Mid Thy angels bright reposing,
Thou transform me by Thy
grace!

67. ANIMA CHRISTI.

Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my
breast,

Thy blessed body be my saving
guest,

Blood of my Jesus, bathe me in
Thy tide,

Wash me, ye waters, streaming
from His side.

Strength and protection, may His
passion be;

Jesus! Oh! hear my sighs and
answer me;

Deep in Thy Heart, Lord, hide
and shelter me;

That I may never, never part
from Thee.

Guard and defend me from the
wicked foe,

In death's dread moments Thy
sweet mercy show;

Call me and bid me come to
Thee above,

Where I may praise Thee, with
my songs of love.

68. MYSTERY OF LOVE.

Mystery of Love, whose depths
divine,

The burning Seraphim adore,
With heaven and earth let
combine,

To love and praise Thee ever
more.

O Sacred Bread, O Banquet blest,
Where God's the food, and man's
the guest.

Sweet Sacrament; boon from
above,

Inflame our hearts with Thy
Sweet love.

Beneath yon veil, Thy splendors
lie,

All hidden from our mortal
sight.

But dearest Lord we feel Thee
nigh,

Who art our food, our strength,
our light.
Our solace in the hour of grief,
In labor rest, in pain relief,
Sweet Sacrament, boon from
above,
Inflame our hearts with Thy
sweet love.

O bread of Angels, Food divine
That fill'st the heart with sweet-
est bliss,

Thy richest graces now are mine,
And what has earth, compared
to this?

Oh without Thee, the soul is dead,
Thou art its life, celestial bread.

Sweet Sacrament, boon from
above,

Inflame our hearts with Thy
sweet love.

69. I RISE FROM DREAMS OF TIME.

I rise from dreams of time,
And an Angel guides my feet
To the sacred altar throne,
Where Jesus' Heart doth beat.

The lone lamp softly burns,
And a wondrous silence reigns,
Only with a low still voice
The Holy One complains.

Long, long I've waited here,
And though thou heed'st not
me,
The heart of God's Own Son,
Beats ever for thee.

In the womb of Mary meek,
In the cradle, on the tree,
Heart of pure undying love,
It lived, loved, bled for me.

Ever pleading, day and night,
Thou canst not from us part,
O veiled and wondrous Sun,
O love of the Sacred Heart.

70. SWEET SAVIOUR! BLESS US ERE WE GO.

Sweet Saviour! bless ere we go!
Thy Word into our minds instil;
And make our lukewarm hearts
to glow
With lowly love and fervent
will.

Chorus.

Through life's long day and
death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus! be our light.

The day has done, its hours have
run;

And Thou hast taken count
of all—

The scanty triumphs grace hath
won,

The broken vow, the frequent
fall.

Grant us, dear Lord! from evil
ways

True absolution and release:
And bless us more than in past
days

With purity and inward peace.

Do more than pardon; give us
joy,

Sweet fear and sober liberty;
And simple hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like Thee.

Labor is sweet, for Thou hast
toiled;

And care is light, for Thou
hast cared:

Ah! never let our words be soiled,
With strife, or by deceit en-
snared.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful—unto Thee we call;
Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad:
Thou art our Jesus and our All!

Sweet Saviour! bless us, night is
come,

Mary and Joseph near us be;
Good angels watch about our
home;

And we are one day nearer
Thee.

71. SWEET SACRAMENT DIVINE.

Sweet Sacrament divine,
Hid in Thy earthly home;
Lo! round Thy lowly shrine
With suppliant hearts we come.
Jesus, to Thee our voice we raise
In songs of love and heart-felt
praise,

Sweet Sacrament divine.

Sweet Sacrament of peace,
Dear home of every heart,

Where restless yearnings cease
And sorrows all depart;
Here in Thine ear all trustfully
We tell our tale of misery,
Sweet Sacrament of peace.

Sweet Sacrament of rest,
Ark from the ocean's roar,
Within Thy shelter blest,
Soon may we reach the shore.
Save us for still the tempest raves,
Save, lest we sink beneath the
waves,
Sweet Sacrament of rest.

Sweet Sacrament divine,
Earth's light and jubilee,
In Thy far depths doth shine
Thy Godhead's majesty.
Sweet light, ■ shine on us we
pray
That earthly joys may fade away
Sweet Sacrament divine.

72. THOU ART MY GOD.

My God, I love thee, not because
I hope for Heav'n thereby
Nor because they who love thee not,
Must burn eternally,

Chorus.

E'en so I loved Thee and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God
And my eternal King.
Solely because Thou art my God
And my eternal King,
Thou art my God and my eternal
King.

Thou, my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and
spear,
And manifold disgrace.

Then why, O blessed Jesus Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the sake of winning
Heaven
Or of escaping Hell.

Not with the hope of gaining
aught,
Not seeking ■ reward;
But, ■ Thyself hast loved me,
O ever loving Lord.

73. SWEET HEART OF JESUS.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! fount of
love and mercy,
Today we come Thy blessing
to implore;
Oh, touch our hearts, ■ cold
and so ungrateful,
And make them, Lord, Thine
own forevermore.

Chorus.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! we implore,
Oh, make us love Thee more
and more.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! make us
know and love Thee,
Unfold to us the treasures of
Thy grace,
That so our hearts from things
of earth uplifted,

May long alone to gaze upon
Thy face.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! make ■
pure and gentle,
And teach us how to do Thy
blessed will;
To follow close the print of Thy
dear footsteps,
And when we fall—Sweet Heart,
oh, love us still.

Sweet Heart of Jesus! bless all
hearts that love Thee,
And may Thine own heart ever
blessed be.
Bless us, dear Lord, and bless the
friends we cherish,
And keep ■ true to Mary and
to Thee.

74. TO JESUS' HEART ALL BURNING.

To Jesus' Heart all burning
With fervent love for men
My heart with fondest yearning
Shall raise its joyous strain.

While ages course along,
Blest be with loudest song,
The Sacred Heart of Jesus
By every heart and tongue.

O Heart, for sinners riven,
By sheer excess of love,
The spear thro' thee was driven—
'Twas sin of mine that drove.

Within the cleft I'll cower
Of Jesus' wounded side;

In sunshine or in shower,
Securely there I'll hide.

When life away is flying,
And earth's false glare is done,
Still, Sacred Heart, in dying,
I'll say, I'm all thine own.

75. O SACRED HEART.

O Sacred Heart!
Our hope lies deep in thee,
On earth thou art ~~an~~ exile's rest,
In heaven the glory of the blest,
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart!
Thou fount of contrite tears,
Where'er those living waters flow,
New life to sinners they bestow,
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart!
Our trust is all in thee;
For tho' earth's night be dark and
drear,
Thou breakest rest when Thou
art near,
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart!
When shades of death shall fall,
Receive us 'neath Thy gentle care
And save us from the tempter's
snare,
O Sacred Heart.

O Sacred Heart!
Lead exiled children home,
Where we may ever rest near Thee
In peace and joy eternally,
O Sacred Heart.

76. O SACRED HEART, WHAT SHALL I RENDER THEE?

O Sacred Heart! what shall I
render Thee
For all the gifts Thou hast be-
stowed ~~on~~ me?
O Heart of God! Thou seem'st
but to implore
That I should love Thee daily
more and more.

Then I will love Thee, then I
will love Thee,
Then I will love Thee daily
more and more.

O heart of Jesus! come and live
in me,
That with Thy love my heart
consumed may be;
O Sacred Heart of Jesus! I implore
That I may love Thee daily more
and more.

O Sacred Heart! be this our life's
one aim
To labor for the glory of Thy
Name;
O dearest Heart! this grace we
Thee implore
That all the world may know
and love Thee more.

Dear Sacred Heart! in life's last
awful hour
O let us feel Thy love's almighty
power;
O then o'er ~~all~~ this grace we Thee
implore

That we may love and trust Thee
more and more.

O Sacred Heart! the sunshine of
our days
Be thine the songs of everlasting
praise,
Whose strains shall break on the
Eternal Shore,
Where we shall love and praise
Thee evermore.

77. HEART OF JESUS, SACRED HEART!

Heart of Jesus, Sacred Heart,
Praise to Thee for all Thou art!
Spring of grace, the Godhead's
shrine,
Throne of Glory, Heart Divine,
Heart, whom angel hosts adore,
Would that men would praise
Thee more!

Chorus.

Heart of our Saviour! Heart of
our friend!
Heart that hast loved Thine own
to the end!
Heart of our King! Heart of our
Lord!
Be Thou forever loved and
adored!

Heart of Jesus, Human Heart,
Thanks to Thee for all Thou art!
Where should we have been, **III**
be,
Fount of Goodness, but for Thee?

Heart so full of love for us,
Would that we could love Thee
thus!

Heart ■ holy, Heart so pure,
Heart so patient to endure,
Heart that all our sins hast borne,
Bruised, humbled, crushed, for-
lorn,
Heart which we have wrung with
pain,
Be Thou never wronged again.

Heart still beating in the host,
Where alas! we wrong Thee most!
Heart so noble, Heart ■ true,
Pierced by all, consoled by few,
Lonely Heart, ■ loving men,
Would that Thou wert loved again!

Heart so pitiful to heal,
Tender Heart so quick to feel,
Heart so ready to forgive,
Heart so grateful to receive,
Sea of love without a shore,
Be Thou loved and trusted more!

Heart of Jesus, broken Heart,
Praise and thanks for all Thou
art!
Shelter in the noonday heat,
Covert when the rain doth beat,
Home where all find peace and
rest,
Be Thou known and loved and
blest!

78. JESUS! MY LORD, MY GOD.

Jesus! my Lord, my God, my All,
How can I love Thee ■ I ought

And how revere this wondrous
gift.
So far surpassing hope or thought?

Chorus.

Sweet Sacrament, we Thee
adore!
O make us love Thee more and
more.

Had I but Mary's sinless heart
To love Thee with, my dearest
King!
O with what bursts of fervent
praise
Thy goodness Jesus, would I sing.

O see! within ■ creature's hand,
The vast Creator deigns to be,
Reposing infant-like as though
On Joseph's arm, or Mary's
knee.

Thy Body, Soul, and Godhead, all
O mystery of Love Divine!
I cannot compass all I have,
For all Thou hast and art ■
mine.

Sound, sound His praises higher
still
And come, ye angels, to our
aid,
'Tis God! 'tis God! the very God,
Whose power both ■ and
angels made!

Ring joyously, ye solemn bells;
And wave, O wave, ye censers
bright!

'Tis Jesus cometh, Mary's son,
And God of God, and light of
Light!

O earth! grow flowers beneath
His feet,
And thou, O sun, shine bright
this day;
He comes! He comes! O Heaven
on earth!
Our Jesus comes upon His way.

He comes! He comes! the Lord of
Hosts,
Borne ■ His throne trium-
phantly!
We see Thee and we know Thee
Lord;
And yearn to shed our blood for
Thee
Our hearts leap up, our trembling
song
Grows fainter still; we can no
more.
Silence! and let us weep—and die
Of very love, while we adore.

Chorus.

Sweet Sacrament of love Di-
vine,
All, all we have or are be Thine.

**79. HYMN OF CONSECRATION
TO THE SACRED HEART.**

When softly dawns the golden
light,
And shadows melt o'er land
and sea,

O sweet and sacred Heart of Christ,

We consecrate our souls to Thee.

Before Thy altar's holy throne,
The while we humbly kneel
and pray,

We bring to Thee, to Thee alone,
The off'ring of the new-born
day.

When all the day of toil is done,
And twilight spreads her purple
wing—

When starry vigils have begun
Before the Eucharistic King,
As earth's poor lovers at Thy
tryst

With ardor to the loved one flee
O true and tender Heart of Christ,
We haste to give the night to
Thee!

In joy or grief, in hope or fear,
In sin, in suffering, and dis-
tress,

Behold a refuge ever near,
Thou heal, to comfort, and to
bless.

In light or darkness, life and
death,

In time and in Eternity,
Devoted Heart, with trusting faith,
We consecrate our all to Thee.

80. ONE HOUR WITH THEE.

One hour with Thee, O dearest
Jesus,

In silence at Thy feet,
One hour of rest, of joy, of bliss,

My God, my God, how sweet
To kneel before Thy earthly throne
And gaze upon Thee there,
To be one hour with Thee alone,
And oh, to be, to be near,
To be one hour with Thee alone,
And oh, to be, to be so near.

What can I do, what can I say,
How praise, how thank, how
love,

What fitting homage can I pay?
O Angels from above,

Lend me your voices for this hour,
Lend me your tongues to speak
Some words of love, some words
of praise,

For mine are all, are all too
weak,

Some words of love, some words
of love,

For mine are all, are all too
weak.

My God, my Father, friend, my
all,

How sweet this hour to me,
What feast of love, of heav'nly
light,

These moments spent with Thee.

O, words, my Jesus cannot tell

The rapture of this union,
Whilst Thou art mine, and I all
Thine,

In this one sweet, sweet com-
munion,

Whilst Thou art mine, and I all
Thine,

In this one sweet, sweet com-
munion.

81. THE HOLY NAME.

Jesus! the very thought of Thee,
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far it is to see
And on Thy beauty feast.

No sound, no harmony so gay,
Can art of music frame
No thoughts can reach, no words
can say,
The sweets of Thy blest name.

Jesus, our hope, when we repent,
Sweet source of all our grace.
Sole comfort in our banishment,
Oh! what when face to face!

Jesus! that Name inspires my
mind
With springs of life and light;
More than I ask in Thee I find,
And languish with delight.

No art or eloquence of ■■■
Can tell the joys of love;
Only the Saints can understand
What they in Jesus prove.

Thee, then I'll seek, retired apart,
From world and business free;
When these shall knock, I'll shut
my heart,
Ane keep it all for Thee.

Before the morning light I'll come
With Magdalen to find,
In sighs and tears my Jesus' tomb,
And there refresh my mind.

My tears upon His grave shall
flow.

My sighs the garden fill;
Then at His feet myself I'll throw,
And there I'll seek His will.

Jesus! in Thy blessed steps I'll
tread
And walk in all Thy ways;
I'll never cease to weep and plead
Till I'm restored to grace.

O King of Love! Thy blessed fire
Does such sweet flames excite,
That first it raises the desire,
Then fills it with delight.

82. O JESUS, JESUS, DEAREST LORD.

O Jesus, Jesus, dearest Lord,
Forgive me if I say,
For very love, Thy sacred Name,
A thousand times a day.
I love Thee so, I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like ■ burning fire,
Within my very soul.

O wonderful! that Thou should'st
let
So vile a heart ■ mine,
Love Thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with Thine.
The craft of this wise world of ours
Poor wisdom seems to me;
Ah! dearest Jesus, I have grown
Childish with love of Thee.

For Thou to me art all in all,
My honor and my wealth,

My heart's desire, my body's
strength,
My soul's eternal health.
Burn, burn, O love, within my
heart,
Burn fiercely night and day;
Till all the dross of earthly love
Is burned and burned away.

O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,
O Heaven begun on earth!
Jesus! my Love! my treasure! who
Can tell what Thou art worth?
O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord,
What art Thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before un-
known,
Each day new liberty.

What limit is there to thee, love?
Thy fight where wilt Thou stay?
On, on! our Lord is sweeter far
To-day than yesterday.
O love of Jesus! blessed love!
So will it ever be;
Time cannot hold thy wondrous
growth,
No, nor eternity.

83. I NEED THEE, GRACIOUS JESUS.

I need Thee, gracious Jesus,
I need a friend like Thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me.
Sweet Jesus, keep me near Thee,
Close by Thee all the day,
Permit me not, e'en though I
would,
From Thy lov'd side to stray.

I need Thee, Heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care,
To tell to Thee my every want,
And all my sorrows share.
Uphold me then, sweet Jesus,
My tottering footsteps guide,
And tho' I fall, ten thousand
times
I'll fear not, but confide.

And Thou wilt teach me, Jesus,
Each duty to fulfil,
And it shall be my pleasure,
To do Thy gracious will.
And this request I'll make Thee,
This recompense implore.
By every thought and word and
act,
To love Thee more and more.

84. CLOSE VEILED. (May Chimes.)

Close veiled in that sweet Sacra-
ment,
Our Jesus' heart, our treasure lies;
Love's priceless, dearest, testa-
ment
Is shrouded in that mystic guise.
Our Jesus left His realms of light,
On wings of love to earth He's
flown,
To dwell with us 'tis his delight,
He makes our hearts His dear-
est throne.
O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould
be
If we could die for love of Thee.
Our Sacramental King uncrowned

His Sacred head of crowns
 above,
 That our glad hearts might flock
 around
 And crown Him with their
 fondest love
 O loving Heart! Thy priceless
 worth.
 How little is it sought, or known,
 Else would the busy sons of earth
 Soon gather near that altar
 throne.
 O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould
 be
 If we could die for love of Thee.
 Love is not loved! O angels, weep,
 Ye virgins chaste, breathe bit-
 ter sighs
 O earth, be clothed in mourning
 deep
 Withdraw your light, ye radiant
 skies;
 For all our souls' dear Spouse
 hath died
 For all His heart with love
 doth burn
 Yet this meek Saviour men de-
 ride,
 And for His love make no re-
 turn.
 O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould
 be
 If we could die for love of Thee.
 That heart for us could do no
 more
 In anguish deep it sighed and
 bled,
 A cruel spear pierced thro' its
 core

For ■■ His last life's blood was
 shed;
 That spear, oh Jesus, pierced
 Thy heart,
 That we within its depths
 might flee.
 Oh, wound our own with love's
 sweet dart,
 Let ■■ expire for love of Thee.
 O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould
 be
 If we could die for love of Thee.
 Our souls, like wearied doves,
 shall seek
 Within Thy Heart ■■ sweet repose;
 Oh! in that ark them captive
 keep
 Our hearts within Thine own
 enclose.
 Oh! Beauty ancient, ever new,
 Thy charms alas! too late we've
 known,
 Oh, draw us now, we'll Thee pur-
 sue
 These hearts would make Thee
 all their own.
 O Sacred Heart, how sweet 'twould
 be
 If ■■ could die for love of Thee.
 85. O HEART OF JESUS.
 LIVING FOUNT
 [Messenger of the Sacred Heart.]
 O Heart of Jesus! Living Fount
 Of hope and peace divine!
 The crimson streams down Cal-
 vary's mount
 Show what a love was Thine!

O precious, priceless, Royal Heart,
That Christ-like we might live,
Thou would'st a heavenly food
impart,
Thy very Self would'st give!

And O, Sweet Jesus, how do we
This signal boon return;
Do we give love for love to Thee?
Do we with transports burn?
Thrice-blessed Lord, thrice-welcome
Guest,

Thy face is veiled from sight,
That man might dare within his
breast,
Receive the God of might.

Ah! Loving Heart, in fervent
prayer,
Before Thy altar low,
We'll ask Thy Heart of mercy
there,
That men Thy love may know!
To Thee our vows shall rise like
breath

Of incense on the morn,
That those who stray in shades
of death,
To life again be born!

86. TO THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

Sweetest Jesus, in loving Thine
own,
Thou hast loved them e'en un-
to the end,
Thou hast tenderly shown to Thy
children lone
The heart of a Father and friend.

Loving heart divine of our Saviour
kind,
Sweetest comfort in sorrow's
hour,
To Thy refuge we fly when danger
is nigh,
Be our shield 'gainst the temp-
ter's power.

Sweet Heart, burning with love
all divine,
From us Thou can'st not dwell
apart,
Throned in glory and light Thou
yet mak'st Thy delight
With the children of men to
abide.

O most royal Heart! Thy treas-
ures impart,
Thy favors and graces divine!
Heart most humble and meek to
our cold hearts speak,
Inflame them with ardor like
Thine!

Ah! draw us, sweet Jesus, to
Thee,
Let our deepest affections be
Thine,
Then securely we'll rest on Thy
loving breast,
And no sweeter repose e'er de-
sire.

From the depths of Thy Heart,
may we never depart
Till Thine infinite beauty we
see,
Then, consumed in love's flame,
we shall ever remain
United, sweet Jesus, with Thee.

87. HEART OF JESUS, MEEK AND MILD.

Heart of Jesus, meek and mild,
Hear, oh! hear, thy feeble child,
When the tempter's most severe,
Heart of Jesus, hear.

Chorus.

Sweetly we'll rest on thy Sacred
Heart,
Never from Thee, oh, let us part,
Hear then Thy loving children's
prayer,
Heart of Jesus, hear.

Make me, Jesus, wholly Thine
Take this wayward heart of mine,
Guide me through this world so
drear,
Heart of Jesus, hear!

When I draw my latest breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
Then sweet Jesus, be Thou near.
Heart of Jesus, hear!

88. ASPIRATIONS S. H. ■ B. S.

No. 1. O Sacred Heart of Jesus,
I implore
That I may daily love Thee more
and more.

No. 2. O Sacrament most Holy,
O Sacrament Divine,
All praise and all thanksgiving
Be every moment Thine.

89. O JESUS, IN THY SACRA- MENT.

[Messenger of the Sacred Heart.]

O Jesus, in Thy Sacrament,
Wherever I may be.
Still, still my soul retaineth
The memory of Thee;
It leaves me never, never,
It haunts my very dreams;
Like one perpetual sunshine,
Within my soul it beams.

To stay before Thine altar,
And there each thought impart,
To feel Thee there outpouring
The spirit of Thy heart,—
This is the earthly heaven,
O Sacrament Divine!
For naught save Heaven could
equal
E'en one caress of Thine.

Each beauteous thing around me,
Speaks to my soul of Thee,—
The perfume of the flowers,
The deep, the boundless sea;
The very air seems breathing
The spirit of Thy love,
The sun, Thy Heart's true emblem,
That decks the heavens above.

'Tis sweet to earthly objects,
To close the outward eyes,
And only see the Victim,
Who on the altar lies.
Oh! can I e'er forget Thee
Upon Thy altar throne?
Oh, no! my heart keeps yearning
For Thee, and Thee alone.

90. MY GOD, HOW WONDER-
FUL THOU ART!

My God! how wonderful Thou
art!

Thy Majesty how bright!
How beautiful Thy Mercy Seat
In depths of burning light!

Chorus.

Yet I may love Thee, too O
Lord!
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask
of me,
The love of my poor heart.

How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord;
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

How beautiful, how beautiful!
The sight of Thee must be;
Thine endless wisdom, boundless
power,
And awful purity!

O how I fear Thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling
hope.
And penitential tears.

No earthly father loves like Thee;
No mother half so mild,
Bears and forbears as Thou hast
done,
With me Thy sinful child.

91. THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Glory be to Jesus!
Who in bitter pains
Pour'd for me the lifeblood
From His sacred veins.

Grace and life eternal
In that blood I find;
Bless'd be His compassion,
Infinitely kind!

Bless'd through endless ages
Be the precious stream,
Which from endless torment
Doth the world redeem.

There the fainting spirit
Drinks of life her fill;
There, as in a fountain,
Laves herself at will.

O the Blood of Christ!
It soothes the Father's ire
Opes the gate of Heaven,
Quells eternal fire.

Abel's blood for vengeance
Pleaded to the skies;
But the blood of Jesus
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled
On our guilty hearts,
Satan in confusion
Terror-struck departs.

Oft as earth exulting
Wafts its praise on high
Hell with terror trembles,
Heav'n is filled with joy.

Chorus.

Lift ye, then, your voices;
Swell the mighty flood,
Louder still, and louder,
Praise the precious blood.

92. CHRIST HAS DESCENDED.

Christ has descended, angels ■
high
Softly breathe o'er us, Jesus is
nigh;
The Cherub, the Seraph in awe
lowly bend
While Jesus the King of the
Heavens, descends.

Chorus.

Jesus, sweet Jesus, my treasure
divine,
O with what rapture I call Thee
all mine,
Brilliant, Celestial, My glory, my
Sun,
O, that I lov'd Thee, Thou
beautiful One.

Fountain of sweetness, abyss of
delight
Robed in Thy splendor, im-
mortal and bright,
Thou God of my heart, O, when
shall I flee
Away from my prison to love
only Thee?

Jesus, my Jesus, ■ priceless in
worth,

Joy of the angels, and hope of
the earth,
Strong are the links and the bonds
which confine
My heart and my soul to Thee,
Jesus all mine.

93. DEAR SACRED HEART.

Dear Sacred Heart, Sweet Sacred
Heart,
Burning and yearning with pity
for sinners,
Dear Sacred Heart, Sweet Sacred
Heart.
Lay Thy pierced hand in its
peace on my soul.

Chorus.

Heart of our Saviour, we adore
we implore,
Grace to love Thee more and
more. [Repeat]

Heart of our Lord, Heart most
adored,
Tenderly calling the sheep that
is weary,
Heart meek and kind, Light of
the blind,
Gather Thy lambs ere they
stray from Thy fold.

Chorus.

Dear Sacred Heart, Sweet Sacred
Heart,
Hearts that are cold, that are
dark, that are lonely,

Safe on Thy breast soon may
they rest,
Bring them in mercy to heaven-
ly peace.

94. OFFERING TO THE SACRED HEART.

I offer Thee, dear Jesus,
Each action of today,
My pray'rs, my work my suf-
frings,
Accept them now I pray.
I offer Thee, dear Jesus,
The moments as they pass;
I join my feeble heart's desire
With Thine in holy Mass.

And while Thy Heart, dear Jesus.
For sinners ever pleads;
I offer Thee thro' Mary,
A decade of her beads.
I offer Thee, dear Jesus,
Oh! who could offer more?
Thyself, in sweet communion
The Heart which I adore.

And to Thine own, dear Jesus,
My poor heart closely bind;
In love and reparation
For sins of all mankind.
Then take my gifts, dear Jesus,
Take all I have to give;
Oh, would that I could give my
life,
Within Thy Heart to live.

95. THERE IS NO HEART LIKE THINE.

There is no Heart like Thine,
sweet Lord,
There is no Heart like Thine;
If Its eclipse is loveliness,
How bright Its glow divine.

The beauty Thou art aiding now
But to return more bright.
There is ■ smile like Thine, sweet
Lord,
To give ~~to~~ me delight.

There is ■ love like Thine, sweet
Lord,
There is no love like Thine;
Its flames are from eternity,
Can they be quenched by time?

The love of creatures soon may
cool,
How can the world be kind?
There's nothing constant but Thy-
self
This fickle heart to bind.

Chorus.

||: Sweet Jesus to Thee I come
Thy Heart is my home, dear
Lord: ||
Thy Heart is my home.

O Teach me then one lesson, Lord,
Forgetting all beside,
To seek in love, love's own re-
ward,
And place in this my pride.
The heart that's wounded by
Thy love

Must suffer things divine,
Yet there's no joy like Thine,
sweet Lord,
And no heart like Thine.

**96. HEART OF JESUS, WE
ARE GRATEFUL.**

Heart of Jesus, we are grateful,
For Thy answer to our Prayer;
We have sought Thee ever hope-
ful,

That Thy blessing we might
share,
Thou hast heard us interceding
With Thy love which is untold;
And in answer to our pleading
Lo! Thy treasures do unfold.

Chorus.

Heart of Jesus, we do thank Thee,
We do love Thee more and
more;

Heart of Jesus, we do praise Thee
And we thank Thee o'er and
o'er.

Heart of Jesus, Thou hast taught
us

How to seek and how to find;
And that lesson now has brought
us

To Thy Heart so sweet and
kind.

What we ask with faith believ-
ing,

Thou hast pledged Thy word
to give,

And Thy word is not deceiving,
But the truth by which we
live.

**97. O SACRED HEART! O LOVE
DIVINE.**

O Sacred Heart! O Love Divine!
Do keep ■■ near to Thee;
And make our love so like to
Thine,
That we may holy be.

Chorus.

Heart of Jesus hear; O Heart
of Love Divine!
Listen to our prayer; make ■■
always Thine.

O Temple pure! O house of
gold!

Our heaven here below!
What sweet delights, what wealth
untold,
From Thee do ever flow!

O wounded Heart! O font of
tears!

O Throne of grief and pain!
Whereon, for the eternal years,
Thy love for man does reign.

Ungrateful hearts, forgetful hearts,
The hearts of men have been,
To wound Thy side with cruel
darts,

Which they have made by sin.

**98. SACRED HEART! IN AC-
CENTS BURNING.**

Sacred Heart! in accents burning
Pour we forth our love of Thee;

Hear our hopes and hear our
yearnings,
Meet and mingle tenderly.
Heart of mercy, ever eager,
All our woes and wounds to
heal!
Heart most patient, Heart most
pure!
To our souls, Thy depths reveal.

Chorus.

Sacred Heart of our Redeemer!
Pierc'd with love on Calvary!
Heart of Jesus ever loving,
Make us burn with love of Thee.
Praise to Thee! Sacred Heart!

Heart of bounty, Thou art bring-
ing
All Thy thirsting children here,
Where the living waters spring-
ing,
Tell of hope and comfort near.
O Thou Source of ev'ry blessing!
Sweetest, strongest, holiest, best,
Be our treasure here on earth
And in heav'n be Thou our rest.

Chorus.

99. I DWELL A CAPTIVE.

I dwell a captive in this Heart
On fire with love divine;
'Tis here I live alone in peace,
And constant joy is mine.
It is the Heart of God's own Son,
In his humanity,
Who, all enamored of my soul,
Here burns with love of me.

Here, like the dove within the
ark,
Securely I repose;
Since now the Lord is my defence,
I fear no earthly foes.
What tho' I suffer, still in love
I ever true will be;
My love of God shall deeper grow
When crosses fall on me.

From every bond of earth, dear
Lord,
Thy grace hath set me free:
My soul delivered from the snare,
Enjoys true liberty.
Naught more can I desire than
this,
To see His Face in Heav'n;
And this, I hope, since He on earth
His Heart in pledge has given.

**100. NIGHT FOLDS HER
STARRY CURTAINS ROUND.**

Night folds her starry curtains
round,
As day hath faded ~~on~~ the hills;
And thro' the silence so profound
Calm peace a fragrant balm
distills.
A soothing voice like dew-drops
falls
All cares, all sorrows to beguile.
Our Lord in love and pity calls:
"Come to my heart and rest
awhile."

Chorus.

Not man, nor angel can portray,
O dearest Lord, how sweet Thou
art,
To call us from our cares away
To rest within Thy Sacred
Heart.

To serve Thee, Jesus, is to reign,
Thy blessed bondage makes us
free.

We count it as our highest gain,
Forsaking all to follow Thee.
Thrice happy are the hours and
bright

We spend beneath Thy dear
control;
Thy yoke is sweet, Thy burden
light,
Thy love the sunshine of the soul.

101. O BANQUET PURE.

O Banquet pure of heav'nly love,
Descending from the throne above!
Preserve my soul from blemish
free,

That I may come with joy to Thee;
That I may come with joy to Thee.

I then will call Thee all my own,
A bliss the angels have not known;
For never did'st Thou deign to
rest,
Within a glowing seraph's breast.
Within a glowing seraph's breast.

For man alone Thou did'st re-
serve

This gift, which no one could de-
serve;

Thy flesh and blood, our souls to
heal,

Concealed in sacramental veil;
Concealed in sacramental veil.

Ah! may my heart serve at Thy
shrine,

And may the happy lot be mine,
Oft to receive this pledge of love,
'Till I shall reach the realms
above;

'Till I shall reach the realms
above.

**102. HEAR THE HEART OF
JESUS PLEADING.**

Hear the Heart of Jesus plead-
ing:

"Come and sweetly rest in me,
With a peace and joy exceeding,
Meek and humble ever be;

In my Heart serene and holy,
All your selfish cares resign."

Dearest Jesus! meek and lowly
Make, oh, make our hearts like
Thine!

"Purer than the lily's whiteness;
Fairer than the fairest snows,
In the beauty and the bright-
ness,

Of your souls I seek repose;
Calmly keep your hearts before
Me,

From the stain of passion free."
Heart of Jesus! we implore Thee,
Make, oh! make us pure like
Thee.

Heart of love! in Thee confiding
We shall learn to do Thy will;
In Thy sacred Wounds abiding,
Burning love our breasts shall
fill.
We shall bless Thee, and obey
Thee,
Ever serve Thee faithfully;
Sweetest Heart; we humbly pray
Thee,
Let us live and die in Thee!

**103. SACRED HEART, SO
MEEK, SO TENDER.**

Sacred Heart, so meek, so tender,
Let us tell You how we love
You, dear Jesus, You the sender
Of all the blessings from above.
How we thank You none can
measure
But deep in each throbbing
breast,
Burns for You our dearest treasure,
Love, consuming all the rest.

Chorus.

O Sacred Heart! We Thee im-
plore,
That we may love Thee more
and more.
O Sacred Heart! We Thee im-
plore,
That we may love Thee more.
Hear **us** now before Your altar,
Pledging to begin anew,
And our voices do not falter

While we say these things to
You.
For we know to hearts most
harden'd.
You gave mercy from Your
throne.
Hidden Love, You'll surely pardon
Those who call themselves Your
own.

Chorus.

Keep us then, O gentle Saviour,
Near You, while on earth we
roam.
Keep us in Your loving favor
Till the hour You call us home.
Oh! We do not mean to grieve
You,
Nor from Your pierced side to
part,
Lord, we'll never, never leave
You
If You keep **us** near Your
Heart.

Chorus.

Yes, dear Heart, we know You
listen,
From the Cross Your Head
bends down,
Down to us, while great drops
glisten,
Where is pressed that griev-
ous crown.
Take our hearts; in joy and sor-
row
Keep them; more we cannot give.

And when dawns the bright to-
morrow,
With You, Jesus, 'shall we live.

Chorus.

III. PRAYER TO THE SACRED HEART

As the glow of morning deepens
in the sky,
Or ■ sunset glories slowly fade
and die,
All the wide world over like an
incense rare,
From the hearts of thousands,
rises up the pray'r.

Chorus.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, fill'd with
love for me,
Kindle in my spirit truer love for
Thee.

Refuge of the sinful, stronghold
of the weak,
Comfort of the grieving, light for
them that seek;
These Thou art, O Jesus, yet we
know but part
Of the love which for ■ dwells
within Thy Heart.

Chorus.

Each good act accomplished, vict'ry
nobly won;
Crosses bravely carried, duties
brightly done;
These are trials ■ longer if we
would but see,

They are sent to lead us nearer
unto Thee.

Chorus.

105. O SACRED HEART, SWEET SOURCE.

O Sacred Heart, sweet source
from whence,
A stream of life e'er flows,
The weary soul may draw from
thence,
Refreshment and repose.
Here may we find a spot secure
From sin and vain alarm,
Here may we taste forevermore
Thy love's consoling balm.

Chorus.

Sweet Jesus, may Thy Sacred
Heart our hope and refuge be;
There may we learn the heavenly
art of living but for Thee.

O Heart of Jesus, may we feel
Thy pure consuming fire,
Kindle in ■ Thy ardent zeal,
Be Thou our souls' desire,
Absorb, dear Lord, our hearts in
Thine,
Let us with Thee remain.
Nor ever may our souls incline
To earth's vain joys again.

Chorus.

O Heart of ev'ry grace the source,
Of all God's gifts the best,
Unto the sinner strength and
force,

Refreshment, hope and rest,
For, day by day, the Lamb is
slain,

The Lord of Heav'n above
On lowly altars doth remain,
The victim of His love.

Chorus.

106. HEART OF JESUS, HEART OF LOVE.

Heart of Jesus, Heart of Love,
Thee we praise and Thee adore,
Joy of all the courts above,
Hope of earth's benighted shore.

Chorus.

Heart of Jesus, Source of Light,
May our love Thy love re-
quite,

Heart of Jesus mayest Thou be
Praised and blessed eternally.

On our altars where Thou art
Veiled in lowliest disguise,
Gleams from Thee, O Sacred
Heart,
Break like dawn of Paradise.

Heart most merciful and meek,
Heart most gracious and be-
nign,
One poor straying soul to seek,
Thou wilt leave the ninety-
nine.

Heart most patient to endure,
Heart most tender to forgive;
Thou hast made our calling sure,

Thou hast died that we might
live.

Heart of Jesus, Beacon Light,
Friendless wanderers to befriend,
Cloud by day, and torch by night,
Till we reach our journey's end.

107. O SACRED HEART OF JESUS.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus,
To Thee our hearts we bring,
The only gift Thou askest,
Our Saviour and our King.
Take them, O loving Jesus,
And light within each one
A flame more clear and radiant,
More brilliant than the sun.

Chorus.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus,
To Thee our hearts we bring,
The only gift Thou askest,
Our Saviour and our King.

Touch with Thy quickening fire
Those that seem cold and dead,
Over each frozen conscience
Rays of Thy brightness shed.
Burn from our hearts forever
All that offends Thine eyes,
Kindle instead within them
The love that purifies.

Chorus.

In days made dark by sorrow,
To Thy Heart pure and bright
We look, and in its glory

Our darkness turns to light.
When on our hearts so weary
Death's cold gray shadows fall,
Unto Thy Heart's sweet refuge
Thy tired children call.

108. GLORIOUS HEART.

Glorious Heart of Jesus,
Reign in ev'ry heart;
In Thy heavenly kingdom
Grant ■■ each ■ part.
When the battle rages
Send thy mighty aid,
If Thy Heart is with us
We are not afraid.

Chorus.

Glorious Heart of Jesus,
Reign in ev'ry heart.
In Thy heavenly kingdom
Grant ■■ each a part.

Though by sinful actions
We have grieved Thee sore,
To Thy Heart all burning
We have come once more.
In that glowing furnace
All our sins we cast,
Trusting in Thy mercy
To forgive our past.

In temptation's hour
Be Thy heart our stay,
At its radiant beauty
Demons flee away.
Hail, sweet Heart of Jesus,
Throne of Light and Love,
May Thy brightness guide ■■
To our home above.

109. HEART OF MY JESUS THROBBING.

O Heart of my Jesus, throbbing
With love in the Host divine,
Accept in Thy gracious goodness
The love-laden beatings of mine.
Receive every joy and sorrow,
My hopes, disappointments, all,
My life shall be Thine, Thine
only,
Tho' oft in my weakness I fall.

Oh, how could I live without
Thee?

How vast would this desert
seem,

No hand to bestrew bright flowers,
No ■■ to illumine with its beam.

What ear would e'er list to my
pleadings,

What voice would answer the
cry,

My soul sends forth in its long-
ing

To love and be loved or die.

Ah, Thine, Thine alone, my Jesus!
The Heart, Ear and Voice for
me,

Let me lose myself in Thy Pres-
ence

Like a drop in the boundless
sea.

Love's fire may glow, e'en burn
fiercely,

Consuming my heart in its
flame,

And at death Thou shalt read
'mid the embers

Its secret in Thy Holy Name.

Yes, Thine, Thine alone, my
Jesus!

But tell me Thy gracious will,
I yearn with ■ infinite yearning
Some task for Thy sake to
fulfil.

For little or great I am ready,
Whatever Thou wishest, my
Love,
Shall I face the world for Thy
glory,
Or hide in the cleft like the
dove?

No time would suffice, dearest
Jesus,
To say all I would to Thee,
But I'll whisper it all while re-
clining
On Thy Heart through eter-
nity.

(Repeat last four lines of first
stanza.)

110. EVENING HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART.

O dearest Lord, 'tis evening now,
And 'neath our glad and wond-
'ring eyes,
The vision of thy Sacred Heart
In all its love and beauty lies.
The day is past—it had its cares,
Its sorrow and, perchance, its
sin,
And now each loving heart repairs,
Sweet peace and pardon here
to win.

Chorus.

Let love and gratitude essay,
To tell, dear Lord, how sweet
Thou art,
In calling us at close of day,
To rest, to rest within Thy
Sacred Heart.

The day is past; ■ soothing calm
Falls dream-like through the
silent hours,
And oh! Thy love and peace are
shed,
Like dew upon the folded
flowers,
They feel Thy strength, who
most are weak,
They, of Thy peace, most largely
share.
Who seek Thy Heart benign and
meek
And cast their sins and sor-
rows there.

Sweet Jesus, it is joy to be
Held captive in Thy presence
here,
When breathing silence wraps us
round;
For in the hush, we feel Thee
near.
"To serve Thee, Jesus, is to reign,"
And sweet Thy yoke, when
borne with love,
To die for Thee, oh! it is gain;
When endless life awaits above.

111. O LORD I AM NOT WORTHY.

O Lord, I am not worthy
That Thou shouldst come to
me,
But speak the words of comfort
My spirit healed shall be.
And humbly I'll receive Thee,
The Bridegroom of my soul,
No more by sin to grieve Thee,
Or fly Thy sweet control.

Relying on Thy Goodness,
Upon Thy presence sweet,
Thy power is God Almighty
Behold me at Thy feet.
O come then, gentle Jesus,
Come to my longing heart;
Enrich it with Thy graces,
And never more depart.

And when Thou art within ■■■,
My King, my Guest Divine,
O calm those angry passions
That sway this heart of mine.
O Lord, I am not worthy
That Thou shouldst come to
me.

But speak the words of comfort,
My spirit healed shall be.

112. GIVE ME THY HEART.

My child, give, oh, give Me thy
heart,
For I have loved thee with a
love
No mortal heart can show,
A love ■ deep My saints in heaven
Its depths can never know.

When pierced and wounded on
the cross
Man's sin and doom were Mine,
I loved thee with undying love.
Immortal and divine.

Chorus.

Draw, draw ■ closer still to
Thee,
O Sacred Heart Divine,
In Joy or grief, in life or death,
Our hearts are ever Thine.

I loved thee ere the skies were
spread,
My soul bears all thy pains,
To gain thy love My Sacred
Heart
In earthly shrines remains,
Vain are the offerings, vain thy
sighs,
Without one gift divine,
Give it, my child, thy heart to
Me,
And it shall rest in Mine.

Send down, O Lord, Thy sacred
fire,
Consume and cleanse the sin
That lingers still within my soul,
Let heav'nly love begin.
That sacred fire Thy saints have
known.
Kindle, O Lord, in me,
Thou, Thou above the rest, O
Lord,
And all the rest in Thee.

113. OFFERTORY HYMN.

Accept, Almighty Father,
These gifts of bread and wine,
Which now the priest is offering,
For us before Thy shrine;
But, soon the Word will make
them

His body and His blood,
The sacrifice renewing,
Once offered the rood.

With these, altho' unworthy,
Some offering we make,
But all we have, Thou gavest,
Then what Thou gavest, take;
Our heart, our soul, our senses,
We give thro' Mary's hands,
Who by the cross once standing,
Now by the altar stands.

114. OUR GREAT PROTECTOR.

The Lord Himself, the mighty
God,
Vouchsafes to be my guide,
The Shepherd by whose constant
care,
My wants are all supplied.

In verdant meads he makes me
feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades,
and where
Refreshing water flows.

He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And to his endless praise,

Instructs with humble zeal to
walk,
In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free,
For there, his aiding rod and
staff
Defend and comfort me.

In presence of my spiteful foes,
He does my table spread,
He crowns my cup with cheerful
wine,
With oil anoints my head.

Since God doth thus his won-
drous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to Him I will devote,
And in His temple spend.

115. CAN IT BE THAT MY GOD?

Can it be that my God
Comes down from Heaven,
Makes my poor heart His abode,
To me is given!
Yes, yes, within my breast,
Soon shall my Jesus rest,
Soon shall He be my guest,
Nor thence be driven.

No, no, my bleeding heart,
Leave Thee! no never,
Never more shall He depart,
What can us sever?
No, no, I hear Him say
With my beloved I'll stay.

My love shall ne'er decay,
But last forever.

Then, O my Jesus, come,
Come to this dwelling,
Make my poor heart now Thy
home,

Make Thine each feeling.
Still, still my blessed God,
Feed ■■■ with this sweet food
Still with Thy sacred blood,
All my wounds healing.

What save my God above
Have I in Heaven?
And what to win my love,
Can here be given?
Then, then my happy soul,
Thou shalt alone control;
Thou shalt possess the whole,
To Thee still cleaving.

O, for such love as this,
What now returning,
What shall return such bliss,
But ■ heart burning?
Burning with flames of love,
Till with my God above
His endless joys I prove,
With Him sojourning.

116 JESUS! SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL.

Jesus! Saviour of my soul,
Let me to Thy refuge fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is nigh.

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past;

Safe into Thy haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

Jesus! Saviour of my soul,
Let me to Thy refuge fly;
Ave, Ave, Jesus mild,
Deign to hear Thy lowly child.

Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on
Thee,
Leave, oh, leave ■■■ not alone,
Still support and strengthen me.

All my trust in Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head,
With the cover of Thy wing.

117. ONLY A VEIL.

Only a veil between ■■■ and Thee,
Jesus, my Lord;
A veil of bread it appears to me,
Yet seemeth such that I may not
see
Jesus, my God.

Lift not the veil between me and
Thee,
Jesus, my Lord;
These eyes of earth can never see
The glory of Thy divinity,
Jesus, my God.

Keep, then, the veil between me
and Thee,
Jesus, my Lord!
Some day 'twill fall when my
soul is free
To gaze on Thee for eternity,
Jesus, my God.

118. HOLY! HOLY! HOLY!

Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
 God of Hosts, Eternal King,
 By the heavens and earth adored
 Angels and Archangels sing,
 Chanting everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity.

Since by Thee were all things
 made,
 And in Thee do all things live,
 Be to Thee all honor paid,
 Praise to Thee let all things give,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity

Cherubim and Seraphim,
 Veil their faces with their wings,
 Eyes of angels are too dim
 To behold the King of Kings.
 While they sing eternally
 To the Blessed Trinity.

In Thy Name baptized are we,
 With Thy blessing are dis-
 missed,
 And thrice holy chant to Thee
 In the Holy Eucharist,
 Life is one Doxology
 To the Blessed Trinity.

Alleluia! Lord to Thee,
 Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
 Godhead one and persons three
 Join us with the heavenly host,
 Singing everlastingly
 To the Blessed Trinity.

119. I AM MY LORD'S.

I am my Lord's and He is mine,
 O Earth attend, ye Heavens
 hear,
 Your mighty Lord, your king di-
 vine
 Is now my bosom's guest most
 dear;
 Behold the vast Creator makes
 His home within his creature's
 breast,
 His realms of glory He forsakes,
 'Tis in my heart He loves to
 rest.

Chorus.

My dearest Lord, my love, I'm
 thine,
 And thou my Jesus art all mine.
 My heart forever Thine shall be
 O keep it Jesus all for Thee.

Lo! Jesus, tender friend most true,
 With love untiring stands and
 knocks,
 The drops of night His head be-
 dew,

And glitter 'mongst His droop-
 ing locks;

He speaks: My child, thy heart
 uncloze,

And let thy Jesus come therein,
 Within its depths I would repose
 I'm weary of these days of sin.

From sinful wanderings I return,
 No more, ■ more, from Thee
 to roam;

Thy contrite child, ah! do not spurn
 Sweet Jesus, take the wanderer
 home.

Pure, meek, and humble let me be,
And guileless ■ the simple dove;
Thyself in others let ■ see,
For Thee both friends and foes
I'll love.

Close locked within my fond embrace,
His sacred Heart reclines on mine—
Its throbbings filled my soul with grace,
And rapturous bliss and love divine.
My Love to me, and I to Him,
Who feedeth 'mongst the lilies pure—
By crystal streamlet's margin dim,
In deepest shades and haunts obscure.

When life is o'er, to me He'll say:
Arise, my love, the winter's past;
The rains have ceased, come haste away
Heaven's endless day has dawned at last.
In rapturous love, then, face to face,
My Jesus all unveiled I'll see—
Upon His Heart, in His embrace
I'll sweetly rest eternally.

120. AS PANTS THE HART.

As pants the hart for cooling springs,
Among the rocks, and barren sands,
So doth my soul, O King of Kings,

||:Long for refreshing at Thy hands.:||

Chorus.

My soul, O God, doth thirst for Thee,
For Thee, the source of every grace.
O when shall I Thy beauty see,
||:When shall I see Thee face to face.:||

My tears have flowed by day and night,
When I have felt Thy chastening rod;
But wicked men enjoy the sight,
||:And, mocking, asked Where's now thy God?:||

Chorus.

Where art Thou, Lord, my life,
my all?
Thou art above, around, within;
Whate'er betides, ■ Thee I'll call,
||:To save me, and to pardon sin.:||

Chorus.

Joy! then, and endless jubilee!
Divine reward of faith and love;
I hear the strains of harmony
||:From the Triumphant Church above.:||

Chorus

Why, then, my soul, art thou depressed?

God is thy drink, and He thy
food;—
Bequeathed to thee—His last be-
quest—
||:His Body and His precious
Blood.:||

121. ECCE PANIS.

Ecce panis, angelorum,
Fastus cibus, viatorum,
Vere panis filiorum,
||:Non mittendus canibus.:||

Bone pastor, panis vere,
Jesu nostri miserere,
Tu nos pasce — tuere,
Tu nos bona fac videre,
In terra viventium.

122. O COR AMORIS.

O cor amoris victima,
Coeli perenne gaudium,
Mortalium, solatium,
||:Mortalium spes ultima.:||

Cor dulce, Cor amabile,
Amore nostri languidum,
Amore nostri saucium,
||:Fac sis mihi placabile.:||

Jesu Patris cor unicum,
Puris amicum mentibus,
Puris amandum cordibus,
||:In corde regnes omnium.:||

123. VENI JESU AMOR MI.

Veni, Jesu Amor mi,
Veni, Veni, Veni amor Jesu

Veni Jesu Amor mi,
Veni O Amor mi.
Veni Jesu Amor mi,
Veni Jesu Amor mi,
Veni, O Amor mi,
Veni Amor mi,
Veni Amor mi.

124. AVE VERUM.

Ave verum Corpus natum,
Ex Maria Virgine,
Vere passum immolatum,
In cruce pro homine.

O Jesu dulcis, O Jesu pie
O Jesu Fili Mariae
||:Tu nobis miserere.:||

Cujus latus perforatum,
Vero fluxit sanguine,
Esto nobis praegustatum
In mortis examine.

125. ADORO TE DEVOTE.

Adoro te devote, latens Deitas,
Quae sub his figuris vere latitas:
Tibi se cor meum totum subjecit,
Quia te contemplans totum de-
ficat.

Chorus.

Ave Jesu, Pastor fidelium;
Adauge fidem omnium in te cre-
dentium.

Visus, gestus, tactus, in te fallitur
Sed auditu solo tuto creditur.
Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius;
Nil hoc verbo veritatis verius,

In cruce latebat sola Deitas,
At hic latet simul et Humanitas:
Ambo tamen credens atque confitens,
Peto quod petivit latro poenitens,

Plagas, sicut Thomas, non intueor,
Deum tamen meum te confiteor.
Fac me tibi semper magis credere,
In te spem habere, te diligere.

O memoriale mortis Domini!
Panis vivus, vitam praestans homini
Praesta meae menti de te vivere,
Et te illi semper dulce sapere.

126. HYMN OF REPARATION.

For all the sins that cause Thee pain,

That wound Thy Sacred Heart,
For all who take Thy Name in vain,
Who from Thy ways depart;
||:We will console Thee, Lord.:||

For all the tears that Thou hast shed,

For erring human kind,
Who walking not where Thou hast led,
Stray from Thee as though blind;
||:We will console Thee, Lord.:||

For every outrage 'gainst Thy will,
The will of God above,
For those who ne'er Thy laws fulfil,
Who neither fear nor love;
||:We will console Thee, Lord.:||

For those who all Thy gifts despise,
Who, heedless of Thy grace,
Hear not, O Lord, Thy loving sighs,
Care not to ■ Thy face;
||:We will console Thee, Lord.:||

For all who mock Thee day by day,
Blaspheming Thee with scorn,
Who never kneel to Thee to pray
At noon, or night, or morn;
||:We will console Thee, Lord.:||

O Virgin Mother, lend Thy aid,
To thee for help we pray,
That every promise we have made
May last till Judgment Day.
||:May we console Thee, Lord.:||

127. O KING AND LORD

O King and Lord, Who dwellest
on this altar,
We come to Thee with loving
hearts and true;

To thank Thee for Thy love which
cannot falter
In spite of all ungrateful men
may do.

We come to tell Thy Heart, de-
spised and lonely,
That we will try Thy loyal friends
to be,

That we will try thro' life to love
Thee only
That in Thy sorrows we will
comfort Thee.

We thank Thee that from sun-
rise to its setting
Thou standest on our altar, Lord,
■ slain,

We sorrow that, despising ■ for-
getting,

Men leave Thee in Thy death
alone again.

We come to tell Thy heart thus
scorned and slighted,

That in the daily Mass ■
strength shall be,

That in the Mass our lives shall
be delighted,

That for that sorrow ■ will
comfort Thee.

We thank Thee—Oh! how can
we thank Thee, Jesus?

That in this Sacrament Thou
art our food,

That we can find all sweetness
that may please ■

In this dear banquet of Thy
Flesh and Blood.

We weep for all those souls who
dare to take Thee

To hearts made over to Thine
■ enemy—

O let our love ■ reparation
make Thee,

In that great sorrow let us
comfort Thee.

We thank Thee, Lord, that all
Thy pain expecting,

Thou dwellest with us yet both
day and night,

We grieve that men, forsaking
and neglecting,

In Thy sweet company find no
delight.

We grieve that men for all things
else have leisure,

That other friends they joy to
hear and see;—

O let us make Thy presence here
our pleasure,

That in Thy sorrow we may
comfort Thee.

And for ourselves who, knowing
and believing,

Have treated Thee so coldly
and so ill,

Behold us now before Thee deeply
grieving,

And strengthen, Lord, our weak
and changing will.

We promise now, Thy Heart,
despised and lonely,

That we will try Thy truer
friends to be,

That we will try thro' life to love
Thee only,

That in Thy sorrows we will
comfort Thee.

128. UPON THE ALTAR NIGHT AND DAY.

Upon the altar night and day
The Heart of Jesus lies,

And night and day throughout
the world

Do men its claims despise;

For by their cold, ungrateful
lives,

They pierce it thro' and thro';

And by the scourges of their
crimes,

Its agonies renew.

Beneath a crown of cruel thorns,

This Heart is all on fire;

And brightly shines from out its flames,

The cross of love's desire.
If pure and true must be the soul
That fain would hide in Thee,
O Jesus, let Thy love supply
For our deficiency!

We offer Thee our humble gifts,
For poor they are and small,
Our hearts, our souls, our little lives,

Dear Heart! we give Thee all!
And joyous victims we shall be,
Consumed before Thy throne,
If dead to sin, if dead to self,
We live to Thee alone.

128a. GRACES FROM MY JESUS FLOWING.

Graces from my Jesus flowing,
Set the faithful breast on fire:
Make the soul with raptures glowing,
Nought but heav'nly bliss desire.

Chorus.

Vain she thinks all transient joys,
For eternal peace she sighs;
Nought can then disturb her rest;
With her God supremely blest.

Here she may, from care retiring,
Find a sweet and healing balm,
All celestial love inspiring,
Shed around a heav'nly calm.

Here with purest love remaining,
Jesus answers ev'ry pray'r;

With his help, the soul sustaining,
Makes her ev'ry blessing share.

129. MARY, STAR OF THE SEA.

When evening shades are falling
O'er ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep;
When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from isle to isle;

Chorus.

Then Mary, Mother Mary,
Thou bright Star of the Sea,
We'll pray to thee, our Mother
We'll pray, we'll pray to thee!

The noonday tempest over,
Now ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover
Where all was strife before.
Oh! thus may life, in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath Heaven's smile reposing,
Shine all its storms away.

130. CROWNING HYMN.

Sweet Mother, to thy sacred feet
We bring our garlands fair to-day,
And lovingly, dear Queen, we greet
Thy happy month, the beautiful May.

Chorus.

Hail loved Mother! hear our prayer

Which we sing in sweetest lay;
We bring thee wreaths of flow-
ers fair
To crown thee, Virgin, Queen
of May.

We crown thee Queen of May to
prove
We give our souls to thee anew,
Oh, place them in the hearts of
Love,
The Source of all that's pure
and true.

Chorus.

Thy Son will ne'er reject the child
Who calls thee Mother after
Him.
O Virgin spotless, undefiled,
Light earth's sad valley, drear
and dim.

Chorus.

**131. HAIL, VIRGIN OF
VIRGINS.**

Srs. Mercy (Cecilia Ed. No. 25),
P. 4.

Hail, Virgin of Virgins! thy praises
we sing,
Thy throne is in heaven, thy
Son is its King;
The Saints and the Angels thy
glory proclaim,
All nations devoutly bow down
at thy name.

Let all sing of Mary, the Mystical
Rod,

The Mirror of Justice, the Hand-
maid of God;
Let valley and mountain unite in
her praise,
The sea with its waters, the sun
with its rays.

Let souls that ■■ holy still holier
be,
To sing with the angels, dear
Mary, of thee;
Let all who are sinners to virtue
return,
That hearts without number
with thy love may burn.

Thy name is ■ power, thy love is
■ light;
We praise thee at morning, at
noon, and at night;
We thank thee, we bless thee,
when happy and free;
When tempted by Satan we call
upon thee.

Oh! be thou our Mother, and
pray to the Lord
That all may acknowledge and
worship His word.
That good men with courage may
walk in His ways,
And sinners converted may join
in His praise.

132. COME AND CHANT.

Sisters of Mercy. (Cecilia Ed.
No. 25), P.1.

Come and chant the praises of
our Mother blest

Bring her buds the fairest, sweetest
flow'rs and best;
List, thy loving children Gabriel's
words repeat:
"Hail! Mother Mary, Hail! full
of grace,
Blessed art thou of Eve's race,
Blessed art thou," etc.

Teach us to love Jesus, teach ■
to love thee;
Teach us to be patient, pure and
mild like thee;
List, thy loving children, etc.

When this life is ended, be thou
at our side;
And we fondly trust thee, and in
thee confide.
List, thy loving children, etc.

133. TO OUR LADY, AFTER COMMUNION.

Mother, into my heart today
Christ came ■ loving Guest;
The same sweet Lord, a Babe
that lay

In thy loved arms to rest:
And to thy throne in heaven
above,

I turn that I may win
The faith, the gratitude, the love
That shields the heart from
sin.

Wilt Thou vouchsafe from stain
of earth

To keep me pure alway?
Check word; of pride and scorn-
ful mirth

And govern all I say.
Oh! may the lips that stole a
Thy dear son to receive,
Ne'er use ■ word that His k
Heart
Would wilfully aggrieve.

Sweet Mother, thou art mine
day
By more than wonted ties,
Since Jesus in my poor heart
In mystical disguise,
And thou canst hardly think
Him
Without a thought of me
Whose heart held what the ser
phim
In speechless rapture see.

134. "MACULA NON EST I TE."

Daughter of ■ mighty Father,
Maiden patron of the May,
Angel forms around thee gather
"Macula non est in te."

Mother of the Son and Saviour
Of the Truth, the Life, the
Way,
Guide our footsteps, calm our
passions,
"Macula ■ est in te."

Spouse of the Eternal Spirit,
Blossom, which will ne'er de
cay,
Let us but thy love inherit,
"Macula non est in te."

Daughter, Mother, Spouse of
Heaven,
Listen to our earnest lay,
Sweetest gift to man e'er given,
"Macula non est in te."

Here on earth we see but darkly,
But we hail afar the day,
When we'll see thee in thy splen-
dor,
"Macula non est in te."

We are earth's, Oh! thou who
blossomed,
Lily in the thorny way,
Guide and help us, love and bless
us,
"Macula non est in te."

135. AWAKE! O SMILING MAY.

To Our Blessed Mother.

Chorus.

Awake! O smiling May!
The wintry night hath flown;
And in her loving way,
Sweet Mary claims her throne.
Like some dear friend she walks
apart,
Amid the sunny days;
And leads our eager, wearied
hearts,
Through still and pleasant ways.
And while our souls within
us glow,

She smiles and blesses all below—
All! hail today—The Queen
of May!

Chorus.

The world of bloom around us
spread
Hath not a flower more sweet;
Than these the buds which love
hath shed,
Dear Mother! at thy feet.
O may they ever live and
glow,
To bless and brighten all be-
low—
All hail! today—The Queen
of May!

Chorus.

O Mother! in thy tender arms,
Dear Jesus rests secure;
O win us to His infant charms,
And make us meek and pure.
And if He smiles upon our
woe,
Twill bless and brighten all
below—
All hail! today—The Queen
of May!

Chorus.

O thou to whom the demons
crouch,
Who stood in gentle power;
At Jesus' cross and Joseph's
couch,
O bless our dying hour.
And then above we'll see
and know

The hand which brightened
all below—
All hail! today— The Queen
of May!

Chorus.

136. MATER ADMIRABILIS.

Our Mother Mary's blessed name
All Christian hearts with joy
proclaim—

From mountain height and ocean
shore,

From temple dome and chapel
door

Sounds Gabriel's Ave as of yore,
Mater Admirabilis.

Most dear of all the heavenly
host

To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
'Tis hers all nature's gifts to
bring

As offerings to her Son, their
King,

While heaven and earth her glory
sing,
Mater Admirabilis.

The morning's dawn and glow of
noon,

The sunset bright and pale, sweet
moon,

Praise thee by day, thee praise
by night,

And all the stars of heaven unite
To hymn thy name in concert
bright,
Mater Admirabilis.

The forest grand and mountain
high,

Low shrubs and trees that pierce
the sky,

The meadows green and fields ■
fair

And buds and flowers that scent
the air

To thee their sweetest offerings
bear,

Mater Admirabilis.

The boundless sea, the river's
stream

And brooks 'mid flowing banks
that gleam

Thy praises, dearest Mother, sing,
To thee their cool fresh wave
they bring

From caverns deep or sunlit spring,
Mater Admirabilis.

Rejoice, ye white-robed choirs
above,

Our Mother is the Queen you
love:

Hail, Maid, of whom our God
was born—

Fair lily, rose without a thorn,
In life and death our Star of
Morn,

Mater Admirabilis.

**137. HYMN FOR THE FEAST
OF THE IMMACULATE HEART
OF MARY.**

Air—Fading, Still Fading.

Heart of our Lady! on Calvary
breaking,

In thy Son's love and His anguish partaking,
 Heart that was pierced by affliction's keen sword
 Yet ever resigned to the will of thy Lord—
 Last gift of our Jesus! Oh grant us to be
 In life and in death still devoted to thee.

Chorus.

Hail, Heart of Mary! Hail, Heart of Mary!
 Hail Heart of Mary, sweet Mistress of all.

Heart of our Lady! our refuge and haven,
 Rest of the weary with cares heavy laden.
 Hope of the sinner, delight of the just.
 Fond heart of our Mother, in thee do we trust!
 Bright throne of God's mercy, dispenser of grace,
 Immaculate day-star of our fallen race.

Chorus.—Hail, etc.

Heart of our Lady! we seek thy protection,
 Grant us to merit thy sweet benediction;
 Keep our frail hearts close united to thine,
 Adoring and loving thy Son's Heart divine:

Fair image of Him! may we learn from thy love
 His children pure, humble and faithful to prove.

Chorus.—Hail, etc.

138. ANNUNCIATION.

(Wreath of Mary, P. 38.)

Ave Maria, softly spoken,
 In the midnight's hallow'd hour;
 Ave Maria, dearest token
 Of God's great love, of love's great power.

The tidings blest of man's salvation,

How their grandeurs in our hymns prevail.

With Gabriel's voice, the while we greet thee,

And join him in that wondrous Hail.

Ave Maria,—*gratia plena*,—

Ave Maria,—*gratia plena*.
 Ave.

Ave Maria, sinless maiden,
 Fair art thou, and full of grace;
 Earth is around thee, sorrow laden

O cheer it with thy beauteous face.

It hears the joyful salutation,
 Softly trembling on the midnight gale;

With Gabriel's voice, etc.

Ave Maria, near and nearer,
 Comes to us the joyful strain

Ave Maria, louder, clearer,
The Church takes up the glad
refrain;
And Oh! we pray thee, Virgin
tender,
That thy kind protection never
fail.
With Gabriel's voice, etc.

139. HOW PURE, HOW FRAIL, HOW WHITE.

(May Chimes.)

How pure, how frail, how white,
the showdrops shine,
Gather a garland bright for Mary's
shrine.

Chorus.

Hail Mary, hail Mary; Queen of
Heaven, let us repeat,
And place our snow-drop wreath
here at her feet.

For on this blessed day she knelt
in prayer,
When lo! before her shone an angel
fair.

Hail Mary! infant lips lisp it today;
Hail Mary! with ■ faint smile, the
dying say.

Hail Mary! many a heart, broken
with grief,
In that angelic prayer has found
relief.

140. JOY OF MY HEART.

Joy of my heart! O let me pay
To thee thine own sweet month
of May.

Mary! one gift I beg of thee,
My soul from sin and sorrow
free.

Direct my wand'ring feet aright,
And be thyself mine own true
light.

Chorus.

Be love of thee thy purging fire,
To cleanse for God my heart's
desire,
Mother, be love of thee a ray,
From Heav'n to show the heaven-
ward way.

Mary, make haste thy child to win,
From sin and from the love of sin;
Mother of God! let my poor love,
A mother's prayers and pity move.
O Mary, when I come to die,
Be thou, thy spouse, and Jesus
nigh.

Chorus.

When mute before the Judge I
stand,
My holy shield be Mary's hand,
Oh! Mary! let ■ child of thine
In hell's eternal exile pine.

Sweet Day-Star, let thy beauty
be
A light to draw my soul to thee;

We love thee, light of sinners' eyes:

O let thy prayer for sinners rise.
Look at us, Mother Mary! ■■■
How piteously we look on thee.

Chorus.

I ■■■ thy slave, nor would I be
For worlds from this sweet bondage free,
Oh! Jesus, Joseph, Mary, deign
My soul in heav'nly ways to train.

Be love of thee, my whole life long,
A seal upon my wayward tongue.
Write on my heart's most secret core
The five dear wounds that Jesus bore.
O give me tears to shed with thee,
Beneath the cross on Calvary.

Chorus.

One more request, and I have done;
With love of thee and thy dear Son,
More let me burn, and more each day,
Till love of self is burned away.

141. OUR LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL.

(Chapel Hymn Book, P. 52.)

O Virgin Mother, Lady of Good Counsel,
Sweetest picture artist ever drew,

In all doubts, I fly to thee for guidance;

Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

By thy face to Jesus' face inclining,

Sheltered safely in thy mantle blue,

By His little arms around thee twining,

Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

By the light within thy dear eyes dwelling,

By the tears that dim their lustre too;

By the story that these tears are telling,

Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

Life, alas, is often dark and dreary,
Cheating shadows hide the truth from view,

When my soul is most perplexed and weary,

Mother, tell me, what am I to do?

See my hopes in fragile vessel tossing

Be the pilot of that trembling crew,

Guide me safely o'er the dangerous crossing,

Mother, tell me, what ■■■ I to do?

Should I ever wilfully forgetting,
Fail to pay my God His homage due

Should I sin and live without re-
gretting,
Mother, tell me, what am I to
do?

Plead my cause, for what can He
refuse thee?

Get me back His saving grace
anew,

Ah! I know, thou dost not wish
to lose me,

Mother, tell me, what am I to
do?

Be of all my friends the best and
dearest,

O my counsellor, sincere and
true!

Let thy voice sound always first
and clearest,

Mother, tell me, what am I to
do?

142. HOLY QUEEN, WE BEND BEFORE THEE.

Holy Queen, we bend before thee,
Queen of purity divine!

Make us love thee, we implore
thee,

Make us truly to be thine.

Chorus.

Teach, O teach us, Holy Mother!
How to conquer ev'ry sin;

How to love and help each other;
How the prize of life to win.

Thou to whom a child was given
Greater than the sons of men

Coming down from highest heaven,
To create the world again.

O, by that Almighty Maker,
Whom thyself, O Virgin, bore!

O, by thy supreme Creator,
Link'd with thee forevermore.

By the hope thy name inspires!
By our doom reversed thro'
thee,

Help us, Queen of Angel choirs!
To a blest eternity.

143. BRIGHT QUEEN OF HEAVEN.

Bright Queen of Heaven,
Virgin most fair,

Mary most gentle,
List to our prayer:

Mother protect us,
Aid to us bring,
Sweetly enfold us
Neath shelt'ring wing.

Chorus.

Star of the ocean,
Shedding soft light,
Solace in sorrow,
And rest 'mid the night;
Send in our slumbers,
Peace from above
Shine on us ever,
Bright Star of Love.

Tho' night be lonely,
Why should we fear,
While thy soft gleaming
Shineth near;

Leading us gently,
'Mid darkling gloom,
Beck'ning us onward,
To our true home.

Chorus.

Soon may the morrow,
Of bright endless day,
Chase the drear vision,
Of dark night away:
Waft our lone spirits
To Heaven's bright shore,
Where we may love thee,
And rest ever more.

**144. THIS IS THE IMAGE OF
OUR QUEEN.**

This is the image of our Queen,
Who reigns in bliss above;
Of her who is the hope of men,
Whom men and angels love.

Most holy Mary, at thy feet,
I bend ■ suppliant knee,
(In all my joy, in all my pain)
Pray thou to God for me.

The sacred homage that we pay
To Mary's image here,
To Mary's self, then on to God,
Ascends the starry sphere.

Most holy Mary, etc.
(In my temptations each and all.)

Sweet are the flowers we have
cull'd,
This image to adorn;

But sweeter far is Mary's self—
That rose without a thorn.

Most holy Mary, etc.
(When on the bed of death I
lie.)

O Lady by the stars that make
A glory round thy head;
And by thy pure uplifted hands,
That for thy children plead.

When at the Judgement Seat I
stand,
And my dread Saviour see;
When Hell is raging for my soul,
Pray thou to God to me.

145. AVE SANCTISSIMA.

(Christian Bros., P. 80.)

Ave Sanctissima, we lift our souls
to thee,
Ora pro nobis! tis nightfall on
the sea.

Watch ■ while shadows lie, far
o'er the water spread
Hear the heart's lonely sigh,
thine too hath bled.

Thou that hast looked in death,
Aid us when death is near whisper
of heaven to faith.

Sweet mother, sweet mother,
hear,
Ora pro nobis, the wave must
rock our sleep,
Ora mater Ora, star of the deep.

Ave Sanctissima, list to thy children's prayer,
Audi Maria! and take us to thy care.

O thou whose virtues shine, with brightest purity,
Come and each thought refine,
till pure like thine.

O save our souls from ill;
Guard thou our lives from fear;
Our hearts with pleasure fill.

Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear,
Ora pro nobis, the wave must rock our sleep,
Ora mater Ora, star of the deep.

146. AVE MARIA.

Mother, lead ■ to Thy Son, Ave Maria!

As the moments, one by one,
Ave Maria!

Gently fall upon our way,
To our souls they seem to say,
"God has given you this day."
Ave Maria!

May each moment be for him,
Ave Maria!

Sunshine bright or shadow dim,
Ave Maria!

Humbly kneeling at thy feet,
We Thy loving children meet,
And thy blessing ■ entreat,
Ave Maria!

When the weary day is done,
Ave Maria!
And the stars gleam ■ by one,
Ave Maria!

When from out the old church tower

Tolls the restful evening hour;
Save ■ from the darkness' power, Ave Maria!

So my life shall speed away,
Ave Maria!

So will fade my little day, Ave Maria!

Mother, when my passing hour
Tolls from out the old church tower,

Save me by thy gracious power,
Ave Maria!

147. NUNC ET IN HORA MORTIS.

I know not what the years may bring,
Nor whether the years shall be—

The past has fled ■ rapid wing,
And cannot come back to me.
One point of time we hold in our hand,

The minute we now draw breath—

And we look to the point when we shall stand

In the awful strait of death.

Chorus.

Pray for us now, pray for us then!

Mother of God, Mother of men,—
None can succor us, Lady, ■ thou—
Pray for ■ then, pray for us now

Now when the world speaks,
 soft and fair,
 Now, when the flesh is frail.
 Now, when the cross is hard to
 bear,
 Now, when ■■■ sink or fail:—
 Then, when the fiends are raging
 round,
 Then, as life ebbs away,
 Then, when the call of God shall
 sound,
 Pray for us sinners,—pray!

Now, oh! now, wheresoe'er we be,
 Now, while we wake or sleep,
 Now, while our thoughts are
 far from thee,
 Now, while we laugh or weep,
 Now, as we kneel to ask a grace,
 Now, as we toil or play,
 Now, as we sin before thy face,—
 Pray for us, Mother,—pray.
 Then, when the friends of earth
 are gone,
 Then, when our senses sleep,
 Then, when our soul must plunge
 alone
 Into the boundless deep:—
 Be it soon or late, be it swift ■■■
 slow,
 Then, then, be it night or day,
 Howe'er that hour shall come or go,
 Pray for ■■■ sinners,—pray.

We are sinners, and we are dust,
 Blessed and pure art thou:—
 In thy love ■■■ have placed our
 trust,
 Care for ■■■ then and now.
 Every hour whose sands are run

Draws the two more nigh each
 other,
 Till our last "Hail Mary" makes
 them one,
 And we pass to thank thee,
 Mother.

148. "SEDES SAPIENTIAE."

Mary, oh! turn thine eyes upon us,
 See us round Thy throne today,
 Bend unto us ■■■ ear of pity,
 Hark to Thy children as they
 pray,
 Be Thou a lamp unto our foot-
 steps,
 O Sedes Sapientiae.

Chorus.

O Seat of Wisdom, light up our
 way,
 Safe thro' the night-gloom into
 the day.
 O Seat of Wisdom, light up our
 way,
 Safe to the bright eternal day.
 While 'neath Thy mantle here ■■■
 linger
 Be Thou to ■■■ a guide and stay;
 Make ■■■ to grow in grace and
 knowledge,
 Kindle our love from day ■■■
 day,
 Fill ■■■ with wisdom and with
 counsel,
 O Sedes Sapientiae.

Here is our memory ■■■ wayward,
 Ah! keep it lest it go astray,

Take Thou our intellect and
train it

Christ's blessed teaching to obey,
Brace up our will to perseverance,
O Sedes Sapientiae.

When round our knee the poor
of Jesus

Gather to learn salvation's way,
Still be Thou ever standing by us,
Whisp'ring the words we ought
to say;

Keep us at school with Thee for-
ever,
O Sedes Sapientiae.

Thro' bright and dark, thro' rest
and labor,

Thro' sweet and bitter, sad
and gay,

Teach unto us Thy Sons own
lessons,

Till He shall grant our holi-
day;

Then at the gate, ah! bid ■■ wel-
come,
O Sedes Sapientiae.

149. SALVE REGINA.

Hail, Queen of heaven and earth,
O Maria!

Our one and only hope from birth!
O Maria!

Chorus

Praise her, oh! ye cherubim,
Love her oh! ye seraphim,
We the while on earth shall sing
Salve Regina.

Most queenly and most beautiful!
O Maria!

Most tender and most merciful!
O Maria!

O thou the fount of life and grace!
O Maria!

The refuge of a guilty race!
O Maria!

Sending up to thee our feeble cries!
O Maria!

Look down on ■■■ and hear our sighs!
O Maria!

And when our exile here is done!
O Maria!

Then show us to thy Blessed Son!
O Maria!

150. CAUSA NOSTRAE LAETITIAE.

(Holiday Hymn.)

Mother of all that is pure and
glad,

All that is bright and blest,
As we have taken our toil to Thee

So we shall take our rest,

Take Thou and bless our holiday,
O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Airs that are soft and a cloud-
less sky,

We would owe all to Thee,
Speak to Thy Son as thou did'st
of old,

That feast day in Galilee,
Tell Him our needs in Thine

own sweet way,

O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Be with us, Mother, from morn
till eve,
Thou and Thy Blessed Son,
Keep us from all that is grief to
you,
Till the months are run.
Thine be we still, when grave or
gay,
O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Smile upon all that is dear to us,
Smile on our school and home,
Smile on the days we are pass-
ing now,
Smile on the years to come,
Brighten our work and gladden
our play,
O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Keep us in all that is blest of
God,
Give ■ the joys that endure,
Lips that have smiles and words
for all,
Hearts that are kind and pure;
So wilt Thou be by night and
day,
Our Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

Come when earth's tears and
smiles are o'er,
Mother of peace and love,
Show to us Him who is joy to
earth,
And joy to the hosts above,
So shall we laugh in the latter
day,
O Causa Nostrae Laetitiae.

151. JANUA COELI.

Queen and Mother, many hearts
Cast themselves before Thy
throne,
But we call ourselves by right,
Very specially Thine own.
Oh, then be to each one here—
The gate of Heaven, O Mother
dear.

We have pledged ourselves to fight
In the battles of Thy Son;
We would pass by Thee to Him,
When the dusty fight ■ won.
Be to all enlisted here
The Gate of Heaven, O Mother
dear.

And we too must pass away,
Others then shall take our
place,
Kneel around Thine image fair,
Look into Thine upturned face.
Be to all who enter here
The Gate of Heaven, O Mother
dear.

Thou unto the King of Kings
Wert ■ gate to earth and us;
We must go to Christ through
Thee,
We can reach Him only thus.
O be Thou to one here
The Gate of Heaven, O Mother
dear.

When the midnight cry is heard,
Do not let us be too late,
Do not let Thy children call,

"Open, open, Lord, Thy Gate."
But, because we loved Thee here,
Let us in, O Mother dear.

152. OUR LADY OF THE ROSARY.

O Queen of the Holy Rosary!
O! bless ■ as we pray,
And offer Thee our roses,
In garlands, day by day;
While from our Father's Garden,
With loving hearts and bold,
We gather to Thine honor,
Buds white, and red, and gold.

O Queen of the Holy Rosary!
Each mystery blends with
Thine,
The sacred life of Jesus,
In every step divine.
Thy soul was His fair garden,
Thy Virgin breast His Throne,
Thy thoughts His faithful mirror
Reflecting Him alone.

Sweet Lady of the Rosary,
White roses let us bring,
And lay them round Thy foot-
stool,
Before our infant King.
For nestling in Thy bosom
God's Son was fain to be,
The Child of Thy obedience
And spotless purity.

Dear Lady of the Rosary,
Red roses cast we down
But let Thy fingers weave them
Into ■ worthy crown.
For how can we poor sinners

Do aught but weep with Thee
When in Thy train we follow
Our God to Calvary.

O Queen of the Holy Rosary,
What radiancy of love,
What splendor and what glory
Surround Thy court above!
Oh! in Thy tender pity,
Dear source of love untold,
Refuse not this, our offering,
Our flowers white, red, and gold.

153. OUR LADY OF THE WAY-SIDE.

Mother! Mother I am coming
Home to Jesus and to Thee;
But my Country's Hills are dis-
tant,
And their light I cannot see;
Mother harken as I pray,
Meet ■ on my homeward way,
Meet me, Mother mine, today.

Oftentimes my skies are clouded,
I can see no ■ or star,
And the road is rough and nar-
row,
And the end seems very far;
Lest perchance my feet should
stray,
Meet me, Mother, on my way,
Meet me, Mother mine, today.

I must cross the burning desert,
I shall thirst, O Mother mine,
Fill Thy vessel at the fountain
Of Thy Son's sweet Heart Di-
vine;

Lest I faint upon the way,
Tender Mother, stoop I pray,
Give my soul to drink today.

Do not wait until tomorrow,
For I need Thee here and now;
Wait not till I come to meet Thee—
Rather, Mother, meet me Thou.
Oh! in all I do or say,
Come and meet me ■ my way,
Mother Mary, every day.

154. THE THOUGHT STEALS O'ER ME.

The thought steals o'er me as I
 kneel
Before thy Son and thee,
That thou must suffer all thy life,
And He must die—for me.
I look upon that lovely Face,
Those eyes ■ sweet and mild,
And gather courage as I gaze
Upon the Holy Child.

His little ■■ thrown round thy
 neck,
As if to soothe thy fears,
Shows that thine Infant Son is
 grieved
To see His Mother's tears.
He knows that Simeon's prophecy
Rings ever in thy mind:
The sword has opened thy large
 heart
To shelter all mankind.

Here may the weary mother come
With her domestic cares;
Here may the anxious father seek
Advice in grave affairs.

The weeping child, too, runs to
 thee

In sorrow and in pain;—
No little one will have recourse
To Mary's heart in vain.

Then for my Guide and Advocate,
Whom fitter could I choose,
Than one who never asks a thing
That Jesus can refuse?
Dear Mother, whisper to thy Son
A little prayer for me,
Thou knowest better far than I
What that request should be.

155. O PRAISE OUR SPOTLESS MOTHER.

Holy Mary, Mother mild,
O sweetest Mother!
Hear, O hear thy feeble child,
O sweetest Mother!

Chorus.

Praise her, O ye Cherubim
Love her, O ye Seraphim!
Praise her, love her!
Oh, praise our spotless Mother.

Toss'd upon life's stormy sea,
O dearest Mother!
Cast thy tender eyes on me,
O dearest Mother!

Brightest in the courts above
O fairest Mother!
Joy of Angels, Queen of Love,
O fairest Mother!

Maiden Mother, hear our prayer,
O purest Mother!
Prove to us thy loving care,
O purest Mother!

When the sands of life are run,
O loving Mother!
Show to us thy Blessed Son,
O loving Mother!

**156. HAIL, HOLY VIRGIN
MARY, HAIL.**

(School Recreations.)

Hail, holy Virgin Mary, hail!
Whose tender mercies never fail;
Mother of Christ, of grace divine,
Of purity the spotless shrine,
Mother of God, with virtues
crowned,
Most faithful, powerful, renowned,
Deign from thy throne to look on
me,
And listen to my Litany.

Mirror of justice and of joy,
Wisdom itself without alloy,
Vessel of honor and of grace,
Beholding Jesus face to face,
Mystical Rose, of rich perfume,
Beauty of beauties, bathed in bloom,
Deign from thy throne to look on
me,
And hear my solemn Litany.

Thou Ivory Tower beyond com-
pare,
Like that of David, yet more rare,
Palace of peace and house of gold,
Ark of the Covenant of old,

Gate of that Heaven beheld afar,
And of dark night the morning
Star,
Deign from thy throne to look on
me,
And listen to my Litany.

**157. OH, BEAUTIFUL THOU
ART.**

(May Blossoms.)

Oh, beautiful thou art,
Our sweet Virgin Queen;
Come reign within my heart
Peaceful and serene.
See with love now thrilling
All thy children's hearts,
Joy each breast is filling,
Sadness now departs.

(Repeat last two lines.)

Oh, list to strains now swelling;
Even to thy throne,
Oh, call ■ from this dwelling,
Leave us not alone.
Mother ever holy,
Hear us while we pray;
Virgin, pure and lowly,
With us ever stay.

Ah, when we're sad and weary,
Tired of life and sin,
And when the way looks dreary
Haste thy child to win;
When death lays his finger
On our icy brow,
Oh, then, near us linger,
Linger then ■ now.

158. HAIL, HOLY QUEEN.

(Peter's Vocal Class Book.)

Hail, holy Queen, loved Mother,
to thee,
We weak, erring mortals in safety
can flee;
O'er sin and temptation salvation
is won,
Thou interceding with Jesus, thy
Son.

Chorus.

Virgin most pure, without spot,
without stain,
Thine were all sorrows, anguish,
and pain.

Sweet bells are pealing through
eve's rosy air;
Sancta Regina, oh, list to our pray-
er,
Falling night's shadows o'er val-
ley and sea,
Bright Star of evening, our thoughts
turn to thee.

Chorus.

Shield us, loved Mother, in peril's
dread hour,
Pray for thy children, and sweet
blessings pour.
Like the lone star, whose bright
beaming ray
Guided the Sages their devious
way,
Where on thy bosom was nestled
the dove,
While angels, rejoicing, smiled from
above.

Chorus.

Bright Star of evening, our dark
gloom dispel,
Guide us to heaven with Jesus to
dwell.

159. QUEEN OF THE SKIES.

Queen of the skies, so brightly fair,
So mild, so chaste, and meek.
We beg thy love, we claim thy care,
Thy children frail and weak.

(Repeat.)

Behold our prayers like incense rise,
Queen of the skies,
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the
skies.

The shadows of a sinful earth
Are hov'ring o'er our way,
Oh! thou who gav'st a Saviour
birth,

Be thou our guide and stay,
(Repeat.)

Oh, turn on us thy loving eyes,
Queen of the skies,
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the
skies:

The perfumed wreath for thee we've
twined,
To thee our voices raise,
And round thy chaste and holy
shrine
We hymn our notes of praise.

(Repeat.)

Oh! hear our prayers, behold our
sighs,
Queen of the skies,
Mary, loved Mary, Queen of the
skies.

160. OUR LADY OF PER-
PETUAL SUCCOR.

Mary, from thy Sacred Image,
With those eyes so sadly sweet,
Mother of Perpetual Succor!
See us kneeling at thy feet.
In thy arms thy Child thou bearest,
Source of all thy joy and woe;
What thy bliss, how deep thy
sorrows,
Mother, thou alone can'st know.

On thy face He is not gazing,
Nor on us is turned His glance;
For His anxious look He fixes
On the Cross, the Reed, the
Lance,
To thy hand His hands are clinging,
As a child would cling, in fear
Of that Vision of the torments
Of His Passion drawing near.

And for Him thine eyes are plead-
ing,
While to ■■■ they look and cry
"Sinners, spare my Child! your
Saviour
Seek not still to crucify."
Yes, we hear thy words, sweet
Mother!

But, poor sinners, we are weak;
At thy feet, thy helpless children
Thy perpetual succor seek.

Succor ■■■ when clouds of sadness
Hide the light of Heaven above
Hope expires, and Faith scarce
lingers,
And we dare not think we love;—
In that hour of gloom and peril

Show to ■■■ thy radiant face,
Smiling down from thy loved Image
Rays of cheering light and grace.

Succor us, when stormy passions
Sudden rise within the heart;
Quell the tempest, calm the bil-
lows,
Peace secure to us impart.
Through this life of weary exile
Succor us, in every need;
And when death shall come to
free ■■■
Succor us, ah, then, indeed.

161. HAIL, HEAVENLY QUEEN!

Hail, heavenly queen! hail, foamy
ocean's star!
Oh! be our guide, diffuse thy beams
afar.
Hail, mother of God, above all
virgins blest!
Hail, happy gate of heaven's eternal
rest!
Hail, foamy ocean's star! hail,
heavenly queen!
Oh, be our guide to endless joys
unseen!

Hail, full of grace, with Gabriel
we repeat,
Thee queen of heaven, from him
we learn to greet.
Then give us peace, which heaven
alone can give,
And, dead through Eve, through
Mary let ■■■ live.
Hail, foamy ocean's star! etc.

Oh, break our chains; thy guilty
slaves release:

Oh, give ■■ light, and let our blind-
ness cease:

Let every ill that preys upon our
hearts

Fly at thy voice, which every good
imparts.

Hail foamy ocean's star! etc.

Thy children say: O gracious
mother; hear,

From brimful eyes, oh, deign to
wipe the tear;

Our anxious prayers to God, thy
Son, present,

Whose life and blood for sinful
men were spent.

Hail, foamy ocean's star! etc.

162. 'TIS THE MONTH OF OUR MOTHER.

'Tis the month of our mother,
The blessed and beautiful days,

When our lips and our spirits
Are glowing with love and

with praise.

Chorus.

All hail! to dear Mary,
The guardian of our way!

To the fairest of Queens
Be the fairest of seasons—
sweet May.

Oh! what peace to her children,
'Mid sorrow and trials to know

That the love of their mother

Hath ever ■ solace for woe.

Chorus—All hail! etc.

And what joy to the erring,
The sinful and sorrowful soul;
That a trust in her guidance
Will lead to a glorious goal!

Chorus—All hail! etc.

Let us sing then, rejoicing
That God hath so honored our
race,

As to clothe with our nature
Sweet Mary, the Mother of Grace.

Chorus—All hail! etc.

And now here at her altars,
Let pride and unkindness de-
part,

For she loves not the praises
Of ■ proud or selfish heart.

Chorus—All hail! etc.

But bring flowers of purity,
Meekness, patience and love,
They are garlands unfading,
The blossoms which open
above.

Chorus—All hail! etc.

And the heart of ■ mother
Will glow with a hallowed de-
light,

And the buds of this May-time
No winds of the winter can
blight.

Chorus—All hail! etc.

163. AVE MARIS STELLA.

School Recreations, P. 44.

Bright mother of our Maker,
hail!

Thou Virgin ever blessed,
The ocean's star by which we
sail,
And gain the port of rest.

Whilst we this Ave thus to thee
From Gabriel's mouth rehearse,
Prevail that peace our lot may be,
And Eva's name reverse.

Release our long entangled mind
From all the snares of ill;
With heavenly light instruct the
blind.
And all our vows fulfil.

Exert for us a mother's care,
And ~~in~~ thy children own;
Prevail with him to hear our
prayer,
Who chose to be thy Son.

O spotless maid! whose virtues
shine,
With brightest purity,
Each action of our lives refine,
And make us pure like thee.

Preserve our lives unstained with ill,
In this infectious way,
That heaven alone our souls
may fill.
With joys that ne'er decay.

To God the Father, endless praise,
To God the Son, the same,
And Holy Ghost, whose equal
rays
One equal glory claim. Amen.

164. RESPICE STELLAM VOCA MARIAM.

Drear is the nightfall, lonely we
roam,
Wandering exiles far from our
home,
Borne on the billows of life's
stormy sea,
Bright star of heaven, our trust
is in thee,
When night falls drearily,
When life flows wearily
Respite Stellam Voca Mariam.

Winds of affliction raise their
rude blast,
Ruffling the ocean whereon we
are cast,
Waves of temptation mountain-
like roll
Neath their dark billows sink-
ing the soul.
Fear not, but gaze afar
On the soft shining star,
Respite Stellam Voca Mariam.

When shall lone spirits sorrow
no more?
When shall our aching eyes gaze
on the shore?
Oh, for the twilight to break
through the gloom.

Oh, for the rest of our only true home.

Stay, mourner, stay thy fears,
Joy shall dry up thy tears,
Respite Stellam Voca Mariam.

165. FADING, STILL FADING.

Fading, still fading, the last
beam is shining

Ave Maria! day is declining;

Safty and innocence fly with
the light,

Temptation and danger walk forth
in the light;

From the fall of the shade, till
the matin shall chime,

Shield us from danger, and save
us from crime.

Ave Maria, audi nos!

Ave Maria! O hear when we call!
Mother of him who is Saviour of
all!

Feeble and fearing, we trust in
thy might;

In doubting and darkness, thy
love be our light

Let us sleep on thy breast while
the night taper burns,

And wake in thine arms when
the morning returns.

Ave Maria, audi nos!

166. AS THE DEWY SHADES OF EVEN.

As the dewy shades of evening
Gather o'er the balmy air;

Listen, gentle Queen of Heaven,
Listen to our vesper pray'r.

Holy Mother! near me hover,
Free my thoughts from aught
defiled;

With thy wings of mercy cover—
Keep from sin thy helpless
child.

Thine own sinless heart was
broken,

Sorrow's sword had pierced its
core;

Holy Mother! by thy token,
Now thy pity I implore.

Queen of Heaven, guard and guide
me,

Save my soul from dark de-
spair;

In thy tender bosom hide me,
Take me, Mother, to thy care.

167. MATER CHRISTI.

Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,

What shall I ask of Thee?

I do not sigh for the wealth of
earth,

For the joys that fade and flee;
But, Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,

This do I long to see,
The Bliss untold which Thine
arms enfold,

The Treasure upon Thy knee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,

He was All-in-all to Thee—
In the Winter's Cave in Naza-
reth's Home,

In the hamlets of Galilee.
So, Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,
He will not say nay to Thee;
When He lifts His face to Thy
sweet embrace,
Speak to Him, Mother, of me.

Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,
The world will bid Him flee—
Too busy to heed His gentle
voice,
Too blind His charms to see—
Then, Mother of Christ, Mother
of Christ,
Come with Thy Babe to me,
Tho' the world be cold, my heart
shall hold
A shelter for Him and Thee.

Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,
What shall I do for Thee?
I will love Thy Son with the whole
of my strength,
My only King shall He be.
Yes, Mother of Christ, Mother
of Christ,
This will I do for Thee,
Of all that are dear or cherished
here,
None shall be dear as He.

Mother of Christ, Mother of
Christ,
I toss on a stormy sea;
Oh, lift Thy child as a Beacon-
light
To the Port where I fain
would be,

And, Mother of Christ, Mother
of Christ,
This do I ask of Thee,—
When the voyage is o'er, oh,
stand on the shore,
And show Him at last to me.

168. OUR LADY OF HELP.

Mother dearest, Mother fairest,
Help of all who call on thee;
Virgin purest, brightest, rarest,
Help us, help, we cry to thee.

Chorus.

Mary, help us, help we pray;
Mary, help us, help we pray.
Help us in all care and sorrow
Mary, help us, help we pray.

Lady, help in pain and sorrow,
Soothe those racked bed of
pain,
May the golden light of morrow,
Bring them health and joy
again.

Mother, help the absent loved
ones,
Ah, we miss their presence
here,
Help our father, friend, our brother,
Help them, guard them far and
near.

Help our priests, our virgins lowly,
Help our Pope, long may he
reign,
Pray that we who sing thy praises
May in Heaven all meet again.

169. ON THIS DAY, O BEAUTIFUL MOTHER.

On this day, O beautiful mother,
On this day we give thee our
love,
Near thee, Madonna, fondly we
hover,
Trusting thy gentle care to
prove.

On this day we ask to snare,
Dearest mother, thy sweet care.
Aid us, ere our feet astray,
Wander from thy guiding way.
On this day, etc.

Queen of angels, deign to hear—
Lisping children's humble prayer;
Young hearts gain, O Virgin pure,
Sweetly to thyself allure.
On this day, etc.

Rose of Sharon, lovely flower,
Beauteous bud of Eden's bower,
Cherished Lily of the Vale,
Virgin, mother, queen, hail.
On this day, etc.

In vain the flowers of love we
bring,
In vain sweet music's notes we
sing,
If contrite heart and lowly prayer
Guide not our gifts to thy bright
sphere.
On this day, etc.

Fast our days of life we run,
Soon the night of death will come,

Tower of Strength in that dread
hour,
Come with all thy gentle power.

On this day, O beautiful mother,
On this day we give thee our
love,
Near thee, Madonna, fondly we
hover,
Trusting thy gentle care to prove.

170. O BLEST FOR E'ER THE MOTHER.

O blest for e'er the mother,
And Virgin full of grace,
Who bore our God! our Brotner!
The Savior of our race.
Sweet Jesus! low before thee,
We bend in fear and love!
O, grant we may adore thee,
In thy bright realms above.
Sweet Jesus, etc.

Pure ■ the light of heaven,
In meekness nearest thee,
Tis' thou hast Mary given,
Our guide, our friend to be.
Sweet Mother! tears are falling,
From hearts that love thy Son:
Then hear thy children calling
On thee, and bless thy own.
Sweet Mother, etc.

171. MEMORARE.

Remember, oh, remember,
Sweet Mother, ■■■ can say,
That thou the suppliant from thy
feet,

Didst coldly turn away;
Though sinful, sad and weary,
This thought dost trust re-
store,
And bending low before thy
throne,
Compassion I implore.

Chorus.

Then, Mary, star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray to thee.
(Repeat.)

Remember, oh, remember,
Thy Son has given to thee
The souls for whom He bled and
died.

Thy children aye to be.
Then place within His wounded
Heart,

The names of all I love,
And in that hour which seals
their fate

Pray thou to God above.

Chorus.

172. O VISION BRIGHT.

O vision bright! the glorious land
of light

Beams golden beyond the
cloudless sky;

'Mid heavenly fires, above all
angels' choirs,

Sweet Mary, our dear mother,
reigns un high.

Refrain.

O vision bright! angels' delight,

Mary sits enthroned with Jesus
nigh;
Where brighter far than either
moon or star,
Sweet Mary, our dear mother,
reigns un high.

O vision bright; in gentle, loving
flight,

The Dove around his cherished
Spouse doth fly:

Where in that height of mercy's
gentle might,

Sweet Mary, our dear mother,
reigns on high.

O vision bright; life's darkest,
coldest night,

Is fair as summer dawn when
she is nigh,

Then swell the song with all the
heavenly throng;

Sweet Mary, our dear mother,
reigns on high.

173. DAILY HYMN TO MARY.

Mary, dearest Mother, from thy
heavenly height,

Look on us, thy children, lost in
earth's dark night.

Oh, we pray thee loved Mary,
Mary, fondly we entreat,

Guide us to our sweet
Saviour, we entreat thee,

Leave us at His feet.

Mary, shield us from danger,
Keep our souls from sin.

Help thy exiled children,
Heaven at last to win.

Oh! we love thee, Mary,
Trusting all to thee;
What is past or present,
What is yet to be.

Mother of our Saviour,
Hear our pleading prayer,
Take us 'neath thy mantle,
Hide, oh, hide us there.

**174. WILT THOU LOOK UPON
ME, MOTHER.**

(May Chimes.)

Wilt thou look upon me, Mother,
Thou who reignest in the skies,
Wilt thou deign to cast upon me
One sweet glance from those
mild eyes.

Chorus

O my Mother, Mary, still re-
member,
What the sainted Bernard said,
"None have ever found thee want-
ing,
Who have called upon thy aid."
(Repeat last two lines.)

Wilt thou, Mother, hover ever
On my pathway, still to guide;
Wilt thou whisper kind directions
To the angel at my side.

Wilt thou pray for me to Jesus,
That His will I e'er may know,
Wilt thou tell me then His pleasure
That I e'er may to it bow.

Oh, then, Mother, I petition,
And I know thy aid will come;
Angels praise thee for it, Mother
In thy everlasting home.

**175. MOTHER MARY, AH,
HOW BLISSFUL.**

Mother Mary, ah! how blissful
Is thy sweet and cherished
name,
'Tis a music most delicious
That our hearts with love in-
flame.

When the tempter comes to rob
us
Of God's holy grace divine,
Sweetest Mother, we'll invoke thee
By that powerful of thine

And when death's dark anger
hovers
O'er us, in life's parting hour,
Should our souls in anguish shud-
der,
Make us feel thy heavenly power.

Soothe, ah, soothe our dying
moments,
Let us see thy lovely face;
Leave us not, sweet, powerful
Mother,
Let us die in thy embrace.

**176. CONSECRATION TO
MARY.**

Mother Mary! at thine altar
We, thy loving children, kneel;
With a faith that cannot falter,
To thy goodness we appeal.
We are seeking for a mother
O'er the earth ■ waste and
wide,
And from off His cross, our Brother
Points to Mary by His side.

We have seen thy picture often,
With thy little Babe in arms,
And it ever seemed to soften
All our sorrows with its charms.
So we want thee for our Mother,
In thy gentle arms to rest,
And to share with Him, our
Brother,
That sweet pillow ■ thy breast.

Mother Mary! to thy keeping
Soul and body we confide,
Toiling, resting, waking, sleeping,
To be ever at thy side;
Cares that vex us, joys that please
us,
Life and death we trust to thee;
Thou must make them all for
Jesus,
And for all eternity.

**177. PRAYER AGAINST TEMP-
TATION.**

Oh, Mary! Mother Mary,
We place our trust in thee—

Our faith shall never vary,
Though weak the flesh may
be.

Too oft with steps unwary,
From duty's path we've bent:
Oh, Mary! Mother Mary!
Thou teach ■ to repent.

From dangerous occasions,
That blind imprudent eyes—
From treacherous persuasions
That point not to the skies—
From mirth too light and airy,
From thought too sad and
deep!

Oh, Mary! Mother Mary!
Thy little children keep.

Let us remember ever
The presence of the Lord;
To serve him let's endeavor
In thought, in deed, in word.
As monster, or as fairy,
Satan may take the field—
But Mary! Mother Mary!
Thy name will be our shield.

**178. MAIDEN MOTHER,
MEEK AND MILD.**

Maiden Mother, meek and mild,
Guard, O guard thy little child;
All my life, O let it be
My best joy to think of thee.

When my eyes are closed in sleep,
Through the night my slumbers
keep;
Make my latest thought to be
How to love thy Son and thee.

Teach me when the sunbeam
bright

Calls me with its golden light,
How my waking thoughts may be
Turned to Jesus and to thee.

And, oh, teach me through the
day,

Oft to raise my heart and say,
Maiden Mother, meek and mild,
Guard, oh, guard thy little child.

Thus, sweet Mother, day and
night

Thou shalt guide my steps a-
right;

And my dying words shall be,
Virgin Mother, pray for me.

179. HAIL VIRGIN! DEAREST MARY.

Hail Virgin, dearest Mary,
Our lovely Queen of May,
O spotless, blessed Lady,
Our lovely Queen of May.

Solo

Thy children humbly bending,
Around thy shrine so dear,
With heart and voice ascending,
Sweet Mary, hear our prayer.

Behold earth's blossoms springing
In beauteous form and hue;
All nature gladly bringing
Her sweetest charms to you.

We'll gather fresh, bright flowers
To bind our fair Queen's brow;

From gay and verdant bowers
We haste to crown thee now.

And now our blessed Mother,
Smile on our festal day;
Accept our wreath of flowers,
And be our Queen of May.

180. MOTHER DEAR, O PRAY FOR ME.

Mother dear, O pray for me,
Whilst far from Heav'n and thee,
I wander in a fragile bark
O'er life's tempestuous sea.
O Virgin Mother, from thy throne,
So bright in bliss above,
Protect thy child, and cheer my
path

With thy sweet smile of love.
Mother dear, remember me;
Never cease thy care,
Till in Heaven eternally,
Thy love and bliss I share.

Mother dear, O pray for me,
Should pleasure's siren lay
E'er tempt thy child to wander
far

From Virtue's path away;
When thorns beset life's devious
way,

And darling waters flow,
Then, Mary, aid thy weeping
child,

Thyself a Mother show,
Mother dear, etc.

Mother dear, O pray for me,
When all looks bright and fair,
That I may all my danger see

For surely then 'tis near.
A Mother's pray'r how much we
 need,
If prosperous be the ray
That paints with gold the flow'ry
 mead,
Which blossoms in our way.
 Mother dear, etc.

181. HEART ■■■ MARY.

O heart of Mary! pure and fair,
There is ■ stain in Thee;
In Adam's fall thou hast no
 share;
From sin's control thou'rt free.

Chorus.

O heart of Mary! pure and fair,
No beauty can with thine compare!
From every stain of sin thou'rt free;
O make us pure in heart like thee.

As some fair lily midst the thorns,
Thou 'mongst Eve's daughters
 art;
Celestial purity adorns
Thy crystal depth's chaste heart.

As children to their mother flee
When storm-clouds darkly lower,
So loving hearts will haste to thee
In sad affliction's hour.

Sweet Heart, within thy depths
so chaste

We'll dwell and ne'er depart,
Till thou our souls hast deeply
 placed
In Jesus' Sacred Heart.

And when from thy loved heart
we'll go,
To that of thy dear Son,
O shall we leave thee then—Ah,
 no,
His Heart and thine are one.

182. MARY, THE FLOWER OF GOD.

O Flower of Grace! divinest Flower!
God's light thy light, God's love
 the dower!
That all alone with virgin ray
Dost make in Heaven eternal
 May.
Sweet falls the peerless dignity
Of God's eternal choice on thee.

Chorus.

Mother dearest! Mother fairest!
Maiden purest, Maiden rarest!
Help of earth and joy of heaven!
Love and praise to thee be given,
Blissful Mother! Blissful Maiden!

Choice Flower! that bloomest ■
 the breast
Of Jesus which is now thy rest,
As thine was once the chosen
 bed
Of His dear Heart, and sacred
 Head:

O Mary! sweet it is to see
Thy Son's creation graced by thee!

O queenly Flower! enthroned above
The trophy of Almighty love!
Ah me! how He hath hung thee
 round
With all love-tokens that abound
With God's own light—Beyond the
 reach
Of Angel song, or mortal speech!

O Flower of God! divinest Flower!
Elected for His inmost bower!
Where angels come not, there art
 thou.
A crown of glory on thy brow;
While far below, all bright and
 brave,
Their gleamy palms, the ran-
 somed wave.

Yet thou didst bloom ■ earth at
 first,
In meekness proved, in sorrow
 nursed;
And heaven must own its debt to
 earth,
Sweet Flower! for thy surpassing
 worth;
And Angels for their queen's dear
 sake,
Our road to thee more smooth
 shall make.

O help of Christians! mercy laden!
O blissful Mother! blissful Maiden!

O sinless! were it not for thee,
There were in faith no liberty,
To hold that God could stoop so
 low,
Or love His sinful creatures so.

O Mary! when we think of thee,
Our hearts grow light as light
 can be;
For thou hast felt ■ ■ have felt,
And thou hast knelt as ■ have
 knelt—
And ■ it is that utterly,
Mother of God! ■ trust in thee.

183. ANNUNCIATION HYMN.

The day is o'er, the moon serenely
 beaming
In silver light hath field and
 forest drest—
A thousand twinkling stars are
 gently gleaming—
The world is hushed, and all
 is laid to rest.
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of
 grace!

Save one, who wakeful in her
 lonely dwelling—
Of Juda born a stem of Jesse's
 rod—
A virgin pure, all others far ex-
 celling,
Uplifts her heart in tranquil prayer
 to God.
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of
 grace!

The while she prays, behold the
 silence broken;

She starts—a look of fear o'er-
spreads her face;
She hears—till then to mortal ears
unspoken,
Those words of love, Hail Mary,
full of grace!
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of
grace!

Fear not—the Lord is with Thee,
thou are chosen
The Virgin Mother of thy God
to be;
And many a heart in sin and
guilt now frozen,
Shall melt beneath the sunbeams
born of thee.
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of
grace!

O spouse of God! O Queen of
Earth and Heaven!
O Holy Mother of the Incarnate
Word!
In marked accents ■■■ thy answer
given,
Behold the willing handmaid of
the Lord.
Hail, full of grace! Hail, full of
grace!

184. LOOK DOWN, O MOTHER MARY.

Look down, O Mother Mary,
From thy bright throne above,
Cast down ■■■ thy children
One only glance of love.
And if a heart ■■ tender,
With pity flows not o'er,

Then turn away, O Mother,
And look on us no more.

See how ingrate and guilty,
We stand before thy Son;
His loving heart reproaches
The evil we have done.

But if thou wilt appease Him,
Speak for us but one word;
Thou only canst obtain ■■
The pardon of our Lord.

O Mary, dearest mother,
If thou wouldst have us live,
Say that we are thy children.
And then He will forgive.

Our sins make us unworthy
That title still to bear;
But thou art still our Mother,
Then show a mother's care.

Open to us thy mantle,
There stay we without fear;
What evil can befall us,
If, Mother, thou art near?

Oh, sweetest, dearest Mother,
Thy sinful children save;
Look down on us with pity,
Who thy protection crave.

184A. ORA PRO ME.

Ave Maria! bright and pure,
Hear, oh, hear me when I pray;
Pains and pleasures try the pilgrim
On his long and dreary way;
Fears and perils are around me,

Ave Maria, bright and pure,
Ora pro me, Ora pro me.

Ave Maria! queen of heav'n,
Teach, oh! teach me to obey;
Lead me on through fierce temptations,
Stand and meet me in the way.
When I fall and faint, my Mother,

Ave Maria, etc.

Then shall I, if thou, O Mary,
Art my strong support and stay,
Fear nor feel the threefold danger
Standing forth in dread array;
Now and ever shield and guard
me,

Ave Maria, etc.

When my eyes are slowly closing,
And I fade from earth away,
And when Death, the stern destroyer,
Claims my body as his prey,
Claims my soul, and then, sweet
Mary,

Ave Maria, etc.

185. MAY HYMN.

The sun is shining brightly,
The trees are clothed in green;
The beauteous bloom of flowers,
On ev'ry side is seen.
The trees are gold and emerald,
And all the world is gay,
For 'tis the Month of Mary,
The lovely Month of May.

Chorus.

Mary, dear Mother,
We sing a hymn to thee,
Thou art the Queen of Heaven,
Thou, too, our Queen shalt be,
Oh! rule us and guide us unto
Eternity.

There's music in the heavens,
The birds are singing there,
And nature's songs and praises
Are sounding through the air.
But we with hearts rejoicing
With joy we sing today,
For 'tis the Month of Mary,
The lovely Month of May.

And when night closes o'er us,
And twinkling stars appear,
And the chaste moon calmly
reigneth,
In skies so bright and clear;
Oh, how that sight reminds
Of heaven far away,
Where reigns o'er saints and angels
Our lovely Queen of May.

186. TO THE HOLY NAME OF MARY.

Mary! how sweetly falls that word,
On my enraptured ear;
Oft do I breathe in accents low
That sound when none are near.

Chorus.

Sing, O my lips, and loudly proclaim,
O Mary, how sweet is thy name.

Sweet as the warbling of ■ bird,
Sweet as ■ mother's voice,
So sweet to me is that dear name,
It makes my soul rejoice.

Bright as the glittering stars appear,
Bright ■ the moonbeams shine,
So bright in my mind's eye is seen
Thy loveliness divine!

Through thee I offer my requests;
And when my prayer is done,
In ecstasy sublime I ■
Thee seated near thy Son.

**187. HAIL, QUEEN OF
HEAVEN.**

Hail, Queen of Heaven, the Ocean
star,
Guide to the wand'rer here below,
Thrown on life's surge we claim thy
care,
Save us from peril and from woe.
Mother of Christ, Star of the
sea,
Pray for the wanderer, pray
for me.

O gentle, chaste, and spotless maid,

We sinners make our prayer through
thee:

Remind thy Son that He has paid
The price of our iniquity.
Virgin most pure, Star of the
sea,
Pray for the sinner, pray for
me.

Sojourners in this vale of tears,
To thee, blest advocate, we cry:
Pity our sorrows, calm our fears,
And soothe with hope our misery.
Refuge in grief, Star of the sea,
Pray for the mourner, pray for
me.

And while to Him who reigns above,
In Godhead one, in Persons three,
The source of life, of grace, of love,
Homage we pay on bended knee,
Do thou, bright Queen, Star
of the sea,
Pray for thy children, pray for
me.

188. GLORIOUS MOTHER.

Glorious Mother! from high heaven,
Down upon thy children gaze,
Gathered in thy own loved season
Thee to bless and thee to praise.

Chorus.

See, sweet Mary, on thy altars,
Bloom the fairest buds of May.
Oh! may we, earth's sons and
daughters,
Grow, by grace, as pure as
they.

Earth is darksome, we are weary,
Satan setteth snares for all,
Pray for us, oh! tender Mary,
Pray to Jesus, lest we fall.
Chorus.

Many call upon thee, Mother,
Some in manhood, strong in
youth,
Some in age, in tender child-
hood—
ALL in loving faith and truth.
Chorus.

Raise thy voice for us to Jesus,
In this blessed month of thine,
Raise thy pure hands up to bless
us,
As we linger round thy shrine.
Chorus.

Bless. oh, bless us, now and ever,
Thou who once the dark earth
trod,
And when dying, waft our spirits
To the bosom of our God.
Chorus.

189. MATER ADMIRABILIS.

O Mater Admirabilis!
Pure, spotless, undefiled,

The fairest flower e'er bloomed
Upon earth's cheerless wild.
O Mater Admirabilis!
Thou art the mystic dove,
"All fair," the "one immaculate."
The delight of Heaven above!

Chorus.

O Mater Admirabilis!
Our life, our hope, most sweet;
Oh! ever smile upon us,
Mater Admirabilis!

O Mater Admirabilis!
Archangel's lips proclaim thee
All filled with grace divinest,
And blessed among thy race.
Upon thy peerless beauty
Enraptured seraphs gaze,
And, with harmonious music,
Bright angels chant thy praise.

With beams of mildest radiance,
Sweet, gentle Star, oh, guide us!
Through life's dark way illumine us,
Mater Admirabilis!
Sweet Mater Admirabilis,
Oh, make us pure of heart,
That in thy rapturous bliss
With Jesus we may have part.

When life's last tide's fast ebbing,
Mater Admirabilis,
Oh, may thy name delicious
Be upon our dying lips;
O Mater Admirabilis,
Receive our love today,
Sweet loving Mother, listen,
And to Jesus for — pray!

190. MATER ADMIRABILIS.

Thou hast many portraits, Mother,
 All of them are dear to us,
 But Thy children chiefly love
 Thee,
 In thy girlhood's beauty, thus;
 And Thy sweetest title this,
 Mater Admirabilis.

Near Thee blooms the spotless
 lily,

Emblem of Thy brightest grace,
 And Thy sinless soul is shining
 In Thy modest downcast face,
 Make us like to Thee in this.
 Mater Admirabilis.

Open book and distaff tell ■
 Thou hast labored, too, as we;
 Let our hand and mind, sweet
 Mother,
 Work for Jesus and for Thee;
 Make us Thine—and therefore
 His—
 Mater Admirabilis.

191. IMMACULATA.

O Mary dear, thy children here
 Thy lovely shrine surround;
 When day's calm hours, like
 folded flow'rs,
 In fragrant dews, are drown'd.

Chorus.

O Virgin pure, O Mary blest,
 We'll murmur through our peace-
 ful rest.

Immaculata, Immaculata, Immac-
 ulata,
 Our Virgin Queen.

And while we sing, to thee ■
 bring
 Our gifts when day is done;
 Oh, may they be, enhanced by
 thee,
 Meet tribute to thy Son.

Chorus.

Oh, when life's ray doth fade
 away,
 And sinks the sun to rest;
 Then be thou near, to soothe
 and cheer,
 With visions of the blest.

Chorus.

Then wondrous thought with trans-
 port fraught,
 In Heaven's untold repose;
 We'll bless alway, the earthly
 day,
 That brought so sweet a close.

Chorus.

192. OUR MOTHER IMMACU- LATE.

Rejoice! rejoice! O eartn ■
 skies,
 See Jacob's promised star arise,
 Its radiant beams of living light
 Dispel the shade of sin's dar-
 night;
 Far, far above angelic bands,

Immaculate, our Mother stands;
Immaculate! ah, title sweet,
Delicious nectar to repeat.

Chorus.

Immaculate! Immaculate!
Peerless Mother of our race,
Our glad hearts thrill with rap-
ture sweet,
As we thy title grand repeat,—
Immaculate! Immaculate!

O purest Virgin, on this day
Take ■■ 'neath thy gentle sway,
The fearful dragon's power dis-
arm,

Preserve ■■ from his rage un-
harm'd;

Diffuse around thy odor sweet,
With priceless graces all replete,
More balmy than the lily fair,
Or Sharon's rose, of perfume
rare.

Immaculate! That word has charms
To win new children to thy arms;
And thus we're drawn to thy
sweet shrine,
To consecrate our hearts to thine!
Oh! place them in thy loving heart,
Mary, our Mother, and impart
To them ■■ glow of love divine,
Of that pure love which burns
in thine!

**193. OUR QUEEN IMMACU-
LATE.**

(May Chimes.)

Oh, fairest of all visions,
With meekly folded hands,

Adoring eyes uplifted,
Before her God she stands.

Chorus.

Mother pure, Virgin fair, Spot-
less Dove,
Peerless Maid, Crowned Queen of
God's creation,
Our Queen Immaculate.

Oh, fairest of all visions
That met the eager gaze
Of Patriarch and prophet,
In far primeval days.

Expectant yet for ages
That earth must yet await;
Fair Sharon's Rose, God's Mother,
Our Queen Immaculate.

The King looked ■■ thy beauty
In thy unfallen state,
The Spirit's Bride, the Virgin,
Our Queen Immaculate.

Oh, fairest of all visions,
Entrancing mortal eyes,
The veil is half uplifted,
We gaze in fond surprise.

Oh, fairest of all visions,
Our weary exile o'er,
In thy unclouded glory
We'll see thee evermore.

We'll ■■ thee, Queen and Mother,
Enthroned in royal state,
In all thy virgin splendor,
Our Queen Immaculate!

194. QUEEN OF OUR FOUNT.

Queen of our fount, Immaculate,
Queen of the flowers and of the
May;
Queen of the hearts that gather
round thee,
To crown thy royal brow to day.

Chorus.

Pure as the snow on Hebron's
mountain,
Bright ■ the Rose in Sharon's
vale,
White as the foam of Israel's
fountain,
Mary Immaculate, we hail.

Fair Queen of Heav'n, O Mother
tender,
In thee our ev'ry hope is placed;
O be to ■ a strong defender,
And guide ■ thro life's dreary
waste.

Chorus.

Queen of the Earth and Queen of
Heaven,
Queen of the vernal bow'rs of
May,
Queen of the souls, thy Son hath
given,
To guide them to eternal day.

Chorus.

195. IMMACULATE! IMMAC- ULATE!

O Mother! I could weep for mirth,
Joy fills my heart so fast;

My soul today is heaven on earth,
Oh, could the transport last!

Chorus.

I think of thee, and what thou art,
Thy majesty, thy state,
And I keep singing in my heart,
Immaculate! Immaculate!

When Jesus looks upon thy face
His heart with rapture glows,
And in the Church, by His sweet
grace,
Thy blessed worship grows.

The angels answer with their
songs,
Bright choirs in gleaming rows;
And saints flock round thy feet
in throngs,
And Heaven with bliss o'erflows.

Oh, I would rather, Mother dear,
Thou should'st be what thou art,
Than sit where thou dost, O so
near,
Unto the Sacred Heart.

Oh, I would forfeit all for thee,
Rather than thou should miss
One jewel from thy majesty,
One glory from thy bliss.

Ah! I could die with such a sense,
It were but loss to live,
If I could die in dear defence
Of this prerogative.

Conceived, conceived Immaculate!
Oh, what ■ joy for thee!

Conceived, conceived Immaculate!
O greater joy for me.

Immaculate Conception! far
Above all graces blest!
Thou shinest like ■ royal star
On God's eternal breast!

196. THE IMMACULATE CON- CEPTION.

O purest of creatures! Sweet
Mother! Sweet Maid!
The one spotless womb wherein
Jesus was laid!
Dark night hath come down on
us, Mother! and we
Look far out for thy shining, sweet
Star of the Sea!

Deep night hath come ■ this
rough-spoken world,
And the banners of darkness are
boldly unfurled:
And the tempest-tossed Church
—all her eyes are on thee,
They look to thy shining, sweet
Star of the Sea.

The Church does what God had
first taught us to do;
He looked o'er the world to find
hearts that were true;
Through ages he looked, but
found none but thee;
And He loved thy dear shining,
sweet Star of the Sea!

He gazed ■ thy soul: it ■ spot-
less and fair;

For the empire of sin, it had never
been there;

None had ever owned thee, dear
Mother, but He—
And He blessed thy clear shining,
sweet Star of the Sea!

Earth gave Him one lodging;
'twas deep in thy breast;
And God found ■ home where
the sinner finds rest;
His home and his hiding-place,
both were in thee;
He ■ won by thy shining, sweet
Star of the Sea!

O shine on ■ brighter than ever,
then shine!
For the primest of honors, dear
Mother! is thine;
"Conceived without sin," thy new
title shall be,
Clear light from thy birth spring,
sweet Star of the Sea!

197. OUR LADY OF THE SA- CRED HEART.

Unto thee our sighs are pleading,
Lady of the Sacred Heart,
In thy love and pow'r exceeding,
Ev'ry blessing thou'lt impart.

Chorus.

Thou to whom all grace is given,
To us now thine aid impart,
While thou'rt crowned in highest
heaven,
Dear Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Who hath called upon thee, Mother,
And hath called on thee in vain?
After Jesus, there's no other
Can, like thee, our hope sustain.

Chorus.

In all care, and doubt, and sorrow,
If we turn to thee and pray,
Joy will dawn upon our morrow,
Though our path be dark to-day.

198. SWEET LADY OF THE SACRED HEART.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
Thy own sweet month of May,
So bright with bloom and crown'd
with flow'rs,
Is fading fast away,
So bright with bloom and crown'd
with flow'rs,
Is fading fast away.
Sweet Lady, Sweet Lady,
Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
This lovely month we crown,
While from thy throne in Heav'n
above
Thy gentle eyes look down,
While from thy throne in Heav'n
above,
Thy gentle eyes look down.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
When life is darkest here,
To us thy potent aid impart,

To comfort and to cheer,
To us thy potent aid impart
To comfort and to cheer.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
Immaculate and fair,
||: Around thy shrine, we gather
now,
To claim a mother's care.:||
Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Remember that thy power above,
Nor bound, nor limit knows,
||: Thou reignest o'er the Sacred
Heart.
Whence every blessing flows.:||
Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart,
Then ask, and thou'lt obtain;
||: For Jesus, at thy loving prayer,
Will not be asked in vain.:||
Sweet Lady of the Sacred Heart.

199. STAR OF THE SEA.

Mater Amabilis, Ora pro nobis,
Pray for the children who call
upon thee,
Ave Sanctissima, Ava purissima!
Sinless and beautiful Star of
the Sea.

Ave Maria! O maiden, O Mother,
Fondly thy children are call-
ing on thee,
Thine are the graces unclaimed
by another,
Sinless and beautiful Star of
the Sea.

Ave Maria! the night shades are
falling,
Softly our voices arise unto
thee,
Earth's lonely exiles for succor
are calling.
Sinless and beautiful Star of
the Sea.

Ave Maria! thy children are kneel-
ing,
Words of endearment are mur-
mured to thee;
Softly thy spirit upon us is steal-
ing,
Sinless and beautiful Star of
the Sea.

Ave Maria! thou portal of Heaven,
Harbor of refuge, to thee do
we flee;
Lost in the darkness, by stormy
winds driven,
Shine o'er our pathway, fair
Star of the Sea.

200. HEAVENLY DESIRES.

O when shall we with angels
bright,
On golden harps our Mother
praise,
And bask beneath her smile's
sweet light,
And on her wondrous beauty
gaze,
Sweet Mother, Sweet Mother,
Sweet Mother far from
heav'n and thee,
We languish here in exile drear,

These captive hearts, O Mary,
free,
Let them behold thee, mother
dear.

Oh if 'tis now ■ sweet to love,
And oft to breathe thy holy
name,
What will it be in realms above,
Where Seraphs' ardor hearts
in flame,
Sweet Mother, Sweet Mother,
Sweet Mother, soon thy
summons send,
On earth ■ longer let us roam,
In thy bright courts let ■ at-
tend,
O Mary call thy children home.

Her children there she'll kindly
cheer,
She'll fold them in her fond
embrace,
From ev'ry eye she'll wipe the
tear,
And from sad hearts all sor-
row chase,
Sweet Mother, Sweet Mother,
Sweet Mother yet we'll
linger here,
O'er life's drear waste ■ still
will roam,
And wait in hope till thou ap-
pear,
To guide us to our heavenly
home.

120. OUR LADY, QUEEN OF ANGELS.

Bring flow'rs of the rarest, bring
flow'rs of the fairest,
From garden and woodland and
hillside and vale;
Our full hearts are swelling, our
glad voices telling,
The praise of the loveliest Rose
of the dale.

Chorus.

O Mary, we crown thee with
roses today,
Queen of the angels, and Queen
of the May,
O Mary, we crown thee with blos-
soms today,
Queen of the angels, and Queen
of the May.

In cool shaded alley, in bloom-
laden valley,
The warblers of springtime in
chorus unite,
The portals of heaven, by ser-
aphs are riven,
Down sweeping thro' path-ways
of music and light.

Their Lady they name thee,
their mistress proclaim thee,
Oh, grant that thy children on
earth be as true;
As long as the bowers are radi-
ant with flowers,
As long as the azure shall keep
its bright hue.

Our voices ascending, in har-
mony blending,

Oh thus may our hearts turn,
dear Mother, to thee.
Oh! thus shall we prove thee
how truly we love thee;
How dark without Mary, life's
journey would be.

202. HOW TO PRAISE THEE, O MARY.

How to praise Thee, O Mary, we
know not,

Fair and spotless alone Thou
art;
But we pour sweet titles upon
Thee,
As they rise from our loving
heart;
When they reach Thee beyond the
skies,
Turn to us Thy merciful eyes.

Chorus.

What shall we call Thee, O beau-
tiful Mother?

Lily of Israel, Rose without
thorn—
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee!
Love to Thee! Thanks to
Thee!

Light of Thy people! sweet
Star of the Morn!

Bright Thou art as the sun in its
rising,
Fair Thou art as the moon at
night,
Strong Thou art as a battle army,

Tower of hope to all who fight.
Thou art sweetness, and hope,
and life,
Health in sickness, and help in
strife.

Lifted high ■ the palm and the
cedar,
Blooming low as the flow'r of
field,
Eastern Gate to the Sun of jus-
tice,
Garden enclosed and fountain
sealed.
Glorious things are said of Thee,
City of God, so fair to see.

Ark of refuge from storm and
shipwreck,
Beacon-light on the distant hill,
Oil poured out on the troubled
waters,
Haven safe where the winds are
still;
Wheresoever our barque may be,
Star of the Morn, we look to
Thee.

Queen art Thou of the shining
angels,
Queen art Thou of the happy
saints,
Mother and Queen of exiled chil-
dren,
Send us help when our courage
faints.
Spotless Mother and Queen Di-
vine,
All the love of our hearts is Thine!

203. BIRTHDAY HYMN TO OUR LADY.

Who is this cometh over the
mountains,
Fair and sweet ■ the morning
light—
Shedding pure and beautiful radi-
ance,
On the earth that was wrapped
in night?
Now the Day-spring indeed is
nigh,
The Morning Star hath risen ■
high.

Chorus.

How shall we welcome Thee,
beautiful Mother?
How shall we greet Thee, new-
ly born?
Joy to Thee! Praise to Thee!
Love to Thee! Thanks to
Thee!
Hail to Thy rising, sweet Star
of the Morn!

Wild and waste lay our desolate
garden,
Stripped of blossom -and leaf
and fruit,
Lo! at last in the golden Autumn
Sprang the lily from Jesse's
root.
Hope and beauty came back to
Earth
Once again in our Lady's birth.
Angels cluster around Thy cradle,
Smiling into Thy little face,

Whispering now, as they whisper later,

"The Lord is with Thee, O full of grace!"

We, too, Mary, would hail Thee thus,
More than to angels Thou art to us.

Chorus.

Spotless Daughter of God the Father,

Mother to be of God the Son,
Fairest Bride of the Holy Spirit,
Beautiful shrine of the Three-in-one;

Oh! we thank Him that He has given

So dear a Queen unto Earth and Heaven.

All the Church is glad in Thy coming—

None more glad, O Mary, than we,

Who by more than a common title

Now and ever belong to Thee—
Light our pathway where'er we are,

We will follow, dear Morning Star.

O we cannot go empty-handed
On Her birthday to babe as sweet,

Yet we have but our love to offer,
Printing a kiss on her little feet.

Open Thy baby hand and take

Our hearts at least, for Thy birthday's sake.

Chorus.

Bless us all with thy birthday blessing,

As we gather around Thy throne,
Lay Thy hand with a tenderer pressure

On this home which is all Thine own!—

While we are here, and when we are far,

Light up our way, dear Morning Star.

204. THE ASSUMPTION.

Sing, sing, ye Angel Bands,
All beautiful and bright;
For higher still, and higher,
Through fields of starry light,
Mary, your Queen, ascends,
Like the sweet moon at night.

A fairer flower than she
On earth hath never been;
And save the throne of God,
Your heavens have never seen
A wonder half so bright
As your ascending Queen.

O happy Angels! look
How beautiful she is;
See! Jesus bears her up;
Her hand is locked in His;
O who can tell the height
Of that fair Mother's bliss?

And shall I lose thee, then
Lose my sweet right to thee?

Ah no! the Angel's Queen
Man's Mother still will be;
And thou upon thy throne
Wilt keep thy love for me.

On then, dear pageant, on!
Sweet music breathes around;
And love, like dew, distils
On hearts in rapture bound!
The Queen of Heaven goes up
To be proclaimed and crowned!

The Eternal Father calls
His daughter to be blessed;
The Son His Maiden-Mother
Woos unto His breast;
The Holy Ghost His spouse
Beckons into her rest.

See! See! the Eternal Hands
Put on her radiant crown,
And the sweet Majesty
Of Mercy sitteth down,
Forever and forever,
On her predestined throne!

205. * ASSUMPTION.

Unfold, unfold, ye golden gates
of heaven,
She comes, the Queen of all the
shining host—
The moon beneath, her crown
twelve stars of even;
The sun above in her great
glory lost.

Chorus.

The Cherubim—and Seraphim—

and Heaven's hosts now swell this
glad refrain, That Mary loved!
Our Mother Mary, Queen of Heaven
shall reign,
Queen of Heaven shall reign.

Behold her Son delighted has gone
down,
To meet His Mother, taintless
from her birth,
She forward glides, while glory
from her crown
Streams on her exiled children
here on earth.

Chorus.

Mother of Jesus, hail our heavenly
Queen,
Ten thousand harps swell thro'
the azure dome,
O blessed earth where none is fair
was seen,
More blessed heaven, to which
our Queen has come.

Chorus.

Hail Mary, Queen of mercy, grant
our Lord
May look with pity on thy
children here,
That humbly trusting in His holy
word,
Our souls at last may in thy
courts appear.

Chorus.

We walk the vale of sorrow thou
hast known,

Give us from Him the grace to
walk ■ thou,
The seed along thy blessed pathway
sown,
Brought lovely flow'rs, bright
garlands for thy brow.

Chorus.

Obtain for us thy rare humility,
That ev'ry ■ may spring
from God's pure Love,
Then all thy glory ■ may hope
to see,
Where He assumed thee in His
home above.

Chorus.

**206. AH, WHO IS SHE THAT
MOUNTS TO HEAVEN.**

Ah, who is she that mounts to
heaven,
Leaning fondly on her love,
And glitt'ring stars ■ crown of
glory,
Shines her queenly brow above?
Who is she whose vesture's gleam-
ing
With the sun's refulgent rays;
The silv'ry moon beneath her
beaming,
All proclaim her wondrous praise.

Chorus.

She's thine, O heaven, she's thine
forever,
This blessed prize from earth
thou'st won,

Now Jesus' Mother reigns, and
ever,
Her loving children seek her
throne.

Then go ye forth, O angel choirs,
'Tis your Queen in bright array;
Now Jesus crowns her with His
glory,
Joyful are your courts today.
Grief and sorrow flee before her,
Earthly shadows backward steal,
And golden clouds, soft breaking
o'er her,
Heaven's unending joys reveal.

Bright heav'n's Queen, earth's spot-
less Maiden,
With thy smile, our hearts adorn;
And sweetest hopes, with transport
laden,
From love of thee, and Jesus,
born,
Guide our steps to thee and heaven;
Watch us o'er life's devious way,
While, here to thee, our hearts are
given,
On thy blest Assumption day.

207. SORROWS OF MARY.

(Wreath of Mary, P. 32.)

Vast ■ ocean's briny water,
Mighty as its surging tide;
Is thy sorrow, Zion's daughter,
Mother of the crucified.

Chorus.

Holy Mother, weeping, sighing,
Let thy grief my soul divide;
Tis for me thy Son is dying,
Christ for me is crucified.

Mary sees him writhing, bleed-
ing,
Whit'ning in the dim eclipse,
Hear Him for His murd'ers
pleading,
Pleading with His dying lips.
Chorus.

Jesus' heart with love dilating,
Would not leave us, orphans
lone;
All His mercies consummating,
Gives His Mother as our own.
Chorus.

208. OUR LADY OF LOURDES.

Hail! all hail! great Queen of
Heaven,
Hail! sweet Notre Dame de
Lourde,
Neath whose care our weary exile,
Is from countless ills secured.

Chorus.

Then let men and angels praise
thee,
Fount of grace to all assured,
While in gladsome strains we
are singing,
Hail! sweet Notre Dame de
Lourde,
Hail! sweet Notre Dame de
Lourde.

Blessed thou above all others,
Mary, Mistress of the Spheres,
Star of hope, serenely beaming
Thro' this darksome vale of
tears.

Chorus.

Happy angels joy to own thee,
O'er their choirs exalted high,
Thron'd in blissful light and
beauty,
Empress of the starry sky.
Chorus.

As the fount is still unsealing
Its pure treasures softly fair,
May each drop be fraught with
healing,
Dearest mother, at thy prayer.
Chorus.

209. MAGNIFICAT!

Magnificat! Inspired word,
From Mary's raptured bosom
poured,
My soul with Mary bless the
Lord,
Magnificat!

Magnificat! His wondrous grace
Is manifest from race to race
Of them who fear before His face
Magnificat!

Magnificat! Praise God alone
The mercy of my Saviour own;
For He hath mighty wonders
alone,
Magnificat!

Magnificat! The song of praise
To Father, Son, and Spirit raise!
One God throughout eternal days!
Magnificat!

Magnificat! Praise God **■** high,
Let earth uproll, and let the sky
Fling back our heart's exultant
cry,
Magnificat!

Magnificat! for deeds well done,
For words that stay **■** went
songs sung,
For strength in fight where souls
are won.
Magnificat!

Magnificat! for years now flown,
For all the seeds of good far sown,
May all the harvests be God's own
Magnificat!

210. MAGNIFICAT.

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.
Et exultavit spiritus meus, in
Deo salutari meo.

Quia respexit humilitatem ancillæ
succe; ecce enim ex hoc
beatam me dicent | omnes
generationes.

Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens
est: et sanctum nomen ejus.

Et misericordia ejus a progenie in
progenies; timentibus eum.

Fecit potentiam in brachio suo;
dispersit superbos mente cor-
dis sui.

Deposuit potentes de sede; et
exaltavit humiles.

Esurientes implevit bonis divites
dimisit inanes.

Suscepit Israel puerum suum; re-
cordatus misericordiæ sue.

Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros;
Abraham et semini ejus in
sæcula.

Gloria Patri et Filio; et Spiritui
Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio et nunc et
semper; et in sæcula sæcu-
lorum. Amen.

211. O MARIA, O MARIA.

O Maria, O Maria, sine la be
concepta
Ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis
ora pro nobis.

212. SALVE REGINA.

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiæ
Ad te clamamus, exules filii Ev
Ad te suspiramus, gementes
flentes, in hac lacrymaru
valle
Et Jesum benedictum fructum ve
tris tui,

O Clemens! O Pia! O dulcis
Virgo Maria!

Vita dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.
Eia ergo advocata, nostra,
Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos
converte nobis post hoc
exilium ostende.

O Clemens! O Pia! O dulcis Virgo
Maria!

213. AVE MARIS STELLA.

Ave Maris stella
Dei Mater alma
Atque semper Virgo
Felix cæli porta.

Chorus.

Monstra te esse Matrem
Sumat per te preces
Qui pro nobis natus
Tulit esse tuus.

Sumens illud Ave
Gabrielis ore
Funda nos in pace
Mutans Evæ nomen.

Solve vincla reis
Profer lumen cæcis
Mala nostra pelle
Bona cuncta posce.

Virgo singularis
Inter omnes mitis
Nos culpis solutos
Mites fac et castos.

Vitam præsta puram
Iter para tutum
Ut videntes Jesum
Semper collætetur.

Sit laus Deo Patri
Summo Christo decus
Spiritus Sancto
Tribus honor unus.

Amen.

214. AVE MARIA.

Ave Maria gratia plena
Dominus tecum benedicta tu in
mulieribus
Et benedictus, et benedictus,
fructus ventris tui Jesus.

Sancta Maria Mater Dei
Ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis
peccatoribus
Ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc
et in hora mortis nostræ.
Amen.

215. LITANY OF LORETTO.

Kyrie eleison,
Christe eleison,
Kyrie eleison,
Christe audi nos,
Christe exaudi nos,
Pater de coeli Deus, miserere
nobis,
Fili Redemptor mundi Deus,
miserere nobis,
Spiritus Sancte Deus, miserere
nobis,
Sancta Trinitas unus Deus, mis-
erere nobis.

Sancta Maria,
Sancta Dei Genetrix,
Sancta Virgo Virginum,
Ora pro nobis.

Mater Christi,
Mater Divine gratiae,
Mater purissima,
Ora pro nobis.

Mater castissima,
Mater inviolata,
Mater intemerata,
Ora pro nobis.

Mater amabilis,
Mater admirabilis,
Mater boni consilii,
Ora pro nobis.

Mater Creatoris,
Mater Salvatoris,
Virgo prudentissima,
Ora pro nobis.

Virgo veneranda,
Virgo predicanda,
Virgo potens,
Ora pro nobis.

Virgo clemens,
Virgo fidelis,
Speculum justitiæ,
Ora pro nobis.

Sedes sapientiæ,
Causa nostræ lætitiæ,
Vas spirituale,
Ora pro nobis.

Vas honorabile,
Vas insigne devotionis,
Rosa mystica,
Ora pro nobis.

Turris Davidica,
Turris eburnea,
Domus aurea,
Ora pro nobis.

Fœderis arca,
Janua coeli,
Stella matutina,
Ora pro nobis.

Salus infirmorum,
Refugium peccatorum,
Consolatrix afflictorum,
Ora pro nobis.

Auxilium Christianorum,
Regina Angelorum,
Regina patriarcharum,
Ora pro nobis.

Regina prophetarum,
Regina apostolorum,
Regina martyrum,
Ora pro nobis.

Regina confessorum,
Regina virginum,
Regina sanctorum omnium,
Ora pro nobis.

Regina sanctorum omnium,
Regina sine labe originali concepta,
Regina Sacratissimi Rosarii,
Ora pro nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata
mundi, parce nobis Domine,

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata
mundi, exaudi nos Domine,
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata
mundi, miserere nobis.
V. Ora pro nobis sancta Dei
Genitrix.
R. Ut digni efficiamur promissionibus Christi.

216. DEAR ST. JOSEPH, PURE AND GENTLE.

Dear St. Joseph, pure and gentle,
Guardian of the Saviour child,
Treading with the virgin mother,
Egypt's deserts rough and wild.

Chorus.

Hail St. Joseph, spouse of Mary,
Blessed above all saints on high,
When the death shades round us
gather,
Teach, oh, teach us how to die.

He who rested on thy bosom,
Is by countless saints adored,
Prostrate angels in His presence
Sing Hosannas to their Lord.

Now to thee no gift refusing,
Jesus stoops to hear thy prayer;
Then, dear saint, from thy fair
dwelling
Give to us a father's care.

Dear St. Joseph, kind and loving,
Stretch to us a helping hand;

Guide us through life's toils and
sorrows,
Safely to the distant land.

In the strife of life be near us,
And in death, oh, hover nigh;
Let our souls, on thy sweet bosom,
To their home of gladness fly.

217. MEMORARE TO ST. JOSEPH.

Holy Joseph, Guardian of Mary,
Heaven owns thy potent sway,
Jesus when a child loved ever
Thy gentle mandates to obey.

Chorus.

Dear St. Joseph, Oh! remember,
Never has a child of thine
Vainly sought for grace or comfort,
At thy lily shrine.

We have come when life's sky was
shaded,
With the clouds of pain or grief,
We have called on thee, St. Joseph,
And thy name has always brought
relief.

Holy Patron, whose angelic spirit
Breathed itself in love away,
In the arms of its Creator,
Be thou near us at our death, we
pray.

218. DEAR GUARDIAN OF
MARY.

Dear Guardian of Mary! dear nurse
of her child!
Life's ways are full weary, the desert
is wild;
Bleak sands are all round us, no
home can we see;
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! we lean
upon thee.

For thou to the pilgrim art father
and guide,
And Jesus and Mary felt safe by
thy side;
Ah! blessed St. Joseph! how safe
should I be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! if thou
wert with me!

O blessed St. Joseph! how great
was thy worth,
The chosen shadow of God
upon earth,
The father of Jesus—ah! then wilt
thou be,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady, a father
to me.

When the treasures of God were
unshelter'd on earth,
Safe keeping was found for them
both in thy worth;
O father of Jesus! be father to me,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! and I
will love thee.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—
wilt thou -

Forgive a poor exile for choosing
thee now?
There's no saint in heaven, St.
Joseph, like thee,
Sweet Spouse of our Lady! O deign
to love me!

219. HAIL! HOLY JOSEPH.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Dear Spouse of Mary, hail!
Chaste as the lily flower,
In Eden's peaceful vale.

Hail! holy Joseph, hail!
Prince of the house of God,
May His best graces be
By thy sweet hands bestowed.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
God's choice wert thou alone;
To thee the Word made flesh
Was subject as a Son.

Hail, holy Joseph, hail!
Teach us our flesh to tame,
And, Mary, keep the hearts
That love thy Spouse's name.

Mother of Jesus! bless,
And bless, ye Saints on high!
All meek and simple souls
That to Saint Joseph cry.

220. SORROWS AND JOYS OF
ST. JOSEPH.

Father of Christ and Spouse of
His sweet Mother,
Trusting to thee our simple
pray'r we make;

Father to ■ since we may call
Him Brother,
Can'st thou refuse to hear us for
His sake?

Chorus.

Blessed St. Joseph, remember that
never,
Thy clients in vain to their
father have prayed;
Win our petition, for Jesus must
ever
Listen to him whom on earth He
obeyed.

O by the Grief thy tender spirit
filling
Ere Mary's secret thou hadst
understood;
O by thy Joy to hear the Angel
telling
That blessed wonder of the
Motherhood:

O by thy Grief to ■ the King of
Glory
Born in the Crib in poverty and
cold;
O by thy Joy to hear the Angel's
story,
And the adoring Magi to behold.

O by thy Grief to see the Infant
weeping
While the first Blood-drops fell
beneath the knife,
O by thy Joy with which thy heart
was leaping,

At the sweet music of the Name
of Life.

O by thy Grief with Mary's sinless
spirit,
Hearing a sword must pierce her
soul in twain,
O by thy Joy that many should
inherit
Peace and salvation through her
Child again.

O by thy Grief when Child and
Mother taking
Thou didst by night to distant
Egypt fly;
O by thy Joy to ■ the idols break-
ing,
While the All-holy passed in
silence by.

O by thy Grief when from the
Angel learning
Still reigned the tyrant after
Herod's death;
O by thy Joy from exiled years re-
turning
To that dear home in holy Naza-
reth.

O by thy Grief when thou had'st
lost thy Treasure,
By those three days of darkness
and of pain,
O by thy Joy beyond all thought
and measure
When with thy Jesus light came
back again.

221. TO ST. JOSEPH.

Hail! thou father of our Saviour,
How our hearts must hold thee dear!

Hail! thou ■■■ of our Redeemer,
How our souls must thee revere.

Chorus.

Hail! thou spouse of God's dear
Mother,
Man fulfilling angel's part;
Tender guardian of my Jesus,
Joseph with the Seraph's heart.

Jesus nestles on thy bosom,
Who would ask ■ greater bliss?
Jesus is thy whole possession,
Ah! what treasure equals this.

Oh, no wonder that all ages
Homage to thy name have paid;
Can we give thee too much honor
Whom our God himself obeyed?

O thrice happy he who travels
Leaning, Joseph, on thine arm;
Safe indeed whom thy protection
Shields from peril and from harm.

By the prayer which thine own
Mother
Offers for her children now;
By the care thy foster-father
Gave Thee, Jesus, years ago.

Grant that we too may behold Thee

One day on Thy glorious throne;
Grant that in our native country
We may call Thee too our own.

222. ST. JOSEPH.

Holy Joseph, dearest father,
To thy children's pray'r incline,
Whilst we sing thy joys and sor-
rows,
And the glories which are thine.

How to praise thee, how to thank
thee,
Blessed Saint, we cannot tell,
Favors countless hast thou given,
Can we choose but love thee well?

Near to Jesus, near to Mary,
And kind father, near to thee,
Keep us while on earth we wander,
And in death our helper be.

Sing we Joseph, spouse of Mary
And our mother's blessed friend,
Favors countless, mercies constant,
Thou dost ever to us send.

We have prayed, and thou hast
answered,
We have asked and thou hast
given,
Need we marvel, Jesus tells us
Joseph has the stores of heaven.

One more favor we will ask thee,
Thou of all canst grant it best,
When we die be thou still near us;
Bring us safe to endless rest.

**223. HOLY PATRON! THEE
SALUTING.**

Holy Patron! thee saluting,
Here we meet, with hearts sincere;
Blest St. Joseph, all uniting,
Call on thee, to hear our prayer.

Happy saint, in bliss adoring,
Jesus, Saviour of mankind,
Hear thy children thee imploring,
May we thy protection find.

Worldly dangers for them fearing,
Youthful hearts to thee we bring;
Grant, in virtue persevering,
Vice may ne'er their bosoms sting,
Happy saint, etc.

Thou, who faithfully attended
Him whom Heaven and earth
adore;
Who, with pious care defended
Mary Virgin ever pure.
Happy saint, etc.

May our fervent prayers ascending,
Move thee for our souls to plead;
May thy smile of peace descending,
Benedictions us shed.
Happy saint, etc.

Through this life, O watch around
us,
Fill with love our every breath,

And when parting fear surrounds us
Guide us through the toils of
death.
Happy saint, etc.

224. ST. PATRICK.

Hibernia's champion saint, all hail!
With fadeless glory crowned;
The offspring of your ardent zeal,
This day your praise shall sound,
Great and glorious St. Patrick,
Pray for that dear country,
Great and glorious St. Patrick,
Hearken to the prayer of thy
children.

Borne on the wings of charity
To Erin's coast you flew,
Bade Satan from her valleys flee,
And his dark shrines o'erthrew.
Great and glorious, etc.

From faith's bright camp the demon
fled,
The path to heaven cleared;
Religion raised her beauteous head,
An isle of saints appeared.
Great and glorious, etc.

To God, who sent you to our isle,
Be endless glory given;
O may He ever on it smile,
And lead its sons to heaven.
Great and glorious, etc.

225. HAIL, GLORIOUS ST. PATRICK.

Hail, glorious St. Patrick, dear
saint of our isle,
On us, thy poor children, bestow a
sweet smile;
And now thou art high in thy
mansions above,
On Erin's green valleys look down
in thy love.

Hail, glorious St. Patrick, thy words
were once strong
Against Satan's wiles and ■ heretic
throng:
Not less in thy might where in
heaven thou art,
Oh, ■■■■ to our aid, in our battle
take part.

In the war against sin, in the fight
for the faith,
Dear saint, may thy children resist
until death,
May their strength be in meekness,
in penance, and prayer,
Their banner the cross, which they
glory to bear.

Thy people, now exiles on many a
shore,
Shall love and revere thee till time
be ■■ more;
And the fire thou hast kindled
shall ever burn bright—
Its warmth undiminished, undying
its light.

Ever bless and defend us in this
weary life,

As we labor and toil amid hardship
and strife;
And our hearts shall yet burn,
wherever we roam,
For God, and St. Patrick, and our
native home.

226. ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

All praise to St. Patrick, who
brought to our mountains
The gift of God's faith, the
sweet light of his love!
All praise to the Shepherd who
showed us the fountains
That rise in the heart of the
Saviour above!
For hundreds of years,
In smiles and in tears,
Our Saint hath been with us, our
shield and our stay!
All else may have gone—
St. Patrick alone—
He hath been to us light, when
earth's lights were all set,
For the glories of faith they can
never decay,
And the best of our glories is bright
with us yet,
In the faith and the feast of
St. Patrick's day.

There is not ■ Saint in the bright
courts of Heaven,
More faithful than he to the land
of his choice.
Oh well may the nation to whom
he was given,
In the feast of their sire and
apostle rejoice.
In glory above.

True to his love,
He keeps the false faith from his
children away.

The dark false faith—
Far worse than death—
Oh he drives it far off from the
green sunny shore,

Like the reptiles which fled from
his curse in dismay,
And, Erin when Error's proud tri-
umph is o'er,

Will still be found keeping St-
Patrick's day.

Then what shall we do for the
heaven-sent father;

What shall the proof of our
loyalty be?

By all that is dear to our hearts,
we would rather

Be martyred, sweet Saint, than
bring shame upon thee!

But oh, he will take
The promise we make,

So to live that our lives, by God's
help, may display,

The light that he bore
To Erin's shore.

Yes, Father of Ireland! ■ child
wilt thou own,

Whose life is not lighted by
grace on its way;

For they are true Irish, ah, yes,
they alone,

Whose hearts are all true on
St. Patrick's day.

227. HAIL, GLORIOUS APOSTLE.

Hail, glorious Apostle, selected by
God,

To enlarge the bless'd pale of
Christ's faithful believers,

Accept our weak efforts to honor
thy virtues,

And chiefly thy wonderful charity.
For 'twas thy bright flame of love

seraphic,
Which moved thee thy country and
kindred to leave,

All earthly enjoyment and com-
forts to part with.
Hail, etc.

Th' Almighty ■ pleased, that
our saint should be seiz'd
And led captive to Ireland by
cruel barbarians,

He was long detain'd, nor his
freedom regained,

Till he'd suffer'd hardships and
misery.

He, during that time, laid up a
store,

Of meekness, humility, patience and
zeal;

His love for ■■■ Saviour, in-
creas'd beyond measure.

Hail, etc.

Ah! now that thou'rt plac'd in
the kingdom of peace,

O most holy Apostle! our faithful
protection;

Look down ■■■ Ireland, that once
happy island, -

But now persecuted and suffering,
Obtain for that nation ev'ry grace,
Which may draw upon it the blessing
of heav'n,
And may all the nations be peaceful
and happy!
Hail, etc.

228. SAINT ALOYSIUS.

Dearest saint, look down from
heaven,
From thy throne of glory there,
On thy children who are raising
Unto thee their song and prayer.

Blest St. Aloysius,
Thron'd in heavenly glory,
Bright is the crown that encircles
thy brow,
Pray for thy clients who sing to
thee now.

Saint, whose pure young heart was
given,
All to God in life's bright morn,
Let our hearts all fresh to Jesus
By thy loving hands be borne.

Purest Saint, with eyes ■ holy
Never lifted but to God,
Keep us 'mid life's dazzling sun-
shine,
In the path thy feet have trod.

Meekest Saint, with voice ■ gentle,

Haunt ■ with its soothing tone;
And in times of doubt and danger
Bid the tempter to be gone.

Saint of all who learn, the patron;
Saint of all who teach, the guide;
While we teach, and while we
study,
Be forever at our side.

229. TO ST. ALOYSIUS.

We see thee cast thy wealth aside
And trample on thy coronet,
And now a brighter diadem
Upon thy pure young brow is set,
O teach us that the joys which
last
Alone are worthy of our love,
That ■ our hearts like thine may
be
There, where our treasure is—
above.

Chorus.

O gentle Patron of our youth.
Gonzaga's lily, pearl of Rome,
Keep us unspotted in the way
And bring ■ safely to our home.

O help us, Virgin Saint, to keep
The whiteness of our innocence,
To guard ■ ears, our tongue,
our eyes,
To mortify each wandering sense.

And if, alas! the day should come
When we the robe of grace should
 stain,
O by our penance let ■ win
The angel's virtue once again.

When for thy light and childish
 faults
We see thee weep and faint
 away,
And think how far from God and
 Heaven
Our many sins have made ■
 stray,
We beg of thee to win for us
Thy love of God so true and
 deep,
The frank avowal of our faults,
The tears that love will make
 us weep.

Be with ■ in our daily toil,
Dear Patron Saint of all who
 learn,
Let us like thee in all our needs
With filial love to Mary turn.
May Jesus on His altar throne
Be joy and rest to us as thee;
Communion be our three days'
 hope,
Or else our three days' mem-
 ory.

Ah! guide us, guide us, dearest
 Saint,
Along the path which thou
 hast trod,
For, blessed Saint, we will not
 wait
To give ~~our~~ heart and life to
 God;

But when the world seems bright
 and fair,
And tries to sever us from thee,
O then thy motto whisper low
 "What profit for Eternity?"

230. ST. ANTHONY, WE PRAISE THEE.

Chorus.

St. Anthony, we praise thee
And sing thy wondrous pow'r,
Oh never fail to aid us,
In ev'ry needy hour.

Solo.

Thine aid canst thou refuse us,
With Jesus in thy arms,
And all thy love o'erflowing,
Upon His Infant charms.

St. Anthony, oh! teach us,
Thy ardent zeal and love,
That raise the heart's affections
All earthly things above.

Chorus.

Let love of Jesus only
Our aspirations fill,
Be it our truest pleasure
To do His holy will.

Chorus.

231. RESPONSORY OF ST. ANTHONY.

If great wonders thou desirest
Hopeful to St. Anthony pray:
Error, Satan wants the direst

Death and pest his will obey,
And the sick who beg his pity
From their couches haste
away,
And the sick who beg his pity
From their couches haste
away.

Chorus.

Young and old are ever singing.
Praises to St. Anthony bring-
ing,
Stormy ocean calls its passion,
Bond and fetters break in twain,
Treasures lost and limbs dis-
abled,
These his pow'r restores again.

Padua has been the witness
Of these deeds, six hundred
years,
Dangers flee and needs must
vanish,
Grief or sorrow disappears,
||: Filling all the world with won-
der; :||
||: While the demons quake with
fear. :||

Chorus.

Glory be to God the Father'
And to His co-equal Son,
To the Holy Ghost resplendent,
One in three and three in One.

||: Praise we Father, Son and
Spirit, :||
||: While eternal ages run. :||

Chorus.

232. ST. ANTHONY.

(Wreath of Mary, P. 53.)

Chorus.

O great St. Anthony we praise
thee,
And for thy kind protection
plead.
While loving gratitude portrays
thee,
Our helper in the day of need

Solo.

We marvel at thy hallow'd story,
And the strength of that love
divine,
Which won for thee such weight
of glory,
And the crown of bliss that
now is thine.
O great St. Anthony, etc.

Now art thou crown'd in heav'n-
ly splendor
In the light of yon blessed
shore,
While we our grateful homage
render,
And thy aid in ev'ry want im-
plore.
O great St. Anthony, etc.

And O great Saint, in life's long
trial,
And our strife with the world
and sin,
Teach us thy love and self denial

To the end that ■ the crown
may win.
O great St. Anthony, etc.

233. THE GUARDIAN ANGEL'S LAMENT.

Thou hast sorrowed the spirit that
loved thee,
And watched o'er thy footsteps
for years;
Thou hast made me at last to
sigh o'er thee,
In secret, in silence and tears.

For my Father in Heaven I loved
thee,
For His sake have I guarded
thy ways,
Return, Oh return, I implore thee,
Him to love, to serve, and to
praise.

O'er thy pathway through life still
I hover
Thee to comfort, to solace, to
cheer,
With the love of a fond saving
brother
Through this desert of trial and
fear.

Oh, when shall I clasp thee—how
fondly,
And bear thee, all dangers now
past,
To the arms of the God who died
for thee,
To our home in the heavens at
last.

234. DEAR ANGEL, EVER AT MY SIDE.

Dear Angel! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be,
To leave thy home in heaven, to
guard
A little child like me.

And when, dear Spirit! I kneel
down,
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

Then for thy sake, dear angel! now
More humble will I be;
But I am weak, and when I fall
O weary not for me.

O weary not, but love me still
For Mary's sake, thy queen,
She never tired of me, though I
Her worst of sons have been.

She will reward thee with a smile;
Thou knowest what it is worth!
For Mary's smiles each day convert
The hardest hearts on earth.

Then love me, love me, angel dear!
And I will love thee more;
And help me when my soul is cast
Upon the eternal shore.

235. TO MY ANGEL.

(Unknown.)

Angel, spread thy wings around me,
Keep my soul from sin and death,
Guard — with thy snowy pinions,
Turn away the tempter's breath.

Whisper to me when sin ap-
proaches,
Clad in Virtue's robe of light,
Thrust aside his jewelled garment,
Save me, for his touch is blight.

Let no sound responsive echo,
Still each chord with thy pure
wing,
Angel, should one note be weak-
ened,
Bid it cease, or break the string.

Mine own guardian! lovely spirit,
Keep my soul from sin and death,
Guard me with thy snowy pinions,
Turn away the tempter's breath.

236. ANGEL GUARDIAN.

(Translated from French Canticles.)

Angel Guardian! from thy protec-
tion
My joys arise!
Child of the skies! angel, I pray
thee

Hear, oh hear me; to thee I call;
Offer to Mary my desires,
My life, my all!

Chorus.

I cannot tell thee all my love in-
spires me,
My heart is full of gratitude;
Holy Protector, speak to my
Mother,
Thy gentle voice she'll ne'er deny.

Say to my Mother how much I
love her,
Sweet angel, haste!
In her I've placed my hopes of
glory;
She is my refuge, my joy, my love;
Oh, ask of Mary that I at length
May see her face.

237. DEAREST GUARDIAN.

(Original.)

Dearest Guardian, tender and lov-
ing,
Bright prince of the courts of
our God,
The glorious realms above thee
Thou hast left for our earthly
abode.
Dear angel, my father in Heaven,
Whose beauty thou ever doth see,
My soul to thy fond care hast
— given,
It belongs then, forever, to thee!

Chorus.

Ever watch o'er my way;
'Mid the dangers and snares that
surround,
Keep me from sin all unscathed;
In grace may I ever be found!

Oh! pray thee, dear angel, to keep
me,
For weak is the heart of thy
child,
And the tempter ne'er "slum-
b'reth nor sleepeth."
But unceasingly prowls o'er the
wild.
Oh! ne'er to his words may I listen,
So full of deception and guile,
But thou, loving angel, ah! whisper
Pure thoughts in the ear of thy
child.

Ah! guide me o'er life's sea;
Until thy bright face I behold,
Let thy vigilant care never cease,
Dear Angel, sweet guide of my
soul.
Dear angel, my Father in Heaven,
Whose beauty thou ever doth see,
My soul to thy fond care hast given,
It belongs, then, forever to thee!

238. O ANGEL DEAR.

O Angel dear, I know full well
Thy tender care and love for
me;

Oh! guard and guide me till I
dwell

Forever safe in heaven with thee.

Chorus.

Dear Angel—guide my feet—I
come

Each moment closer to the brink;
It may be I am nearer home
Today, dear Angel, than I think.

Dear Angel, when my heart is glad,
Lift up my thoughts to higher
bliss;
And help me when my soul is sad
The Cross with faith and love
to kiss.

Dear Angel, in temptation's hour
Oh! whisper softly in mine ear—
Be brave, — fear the tempter's
power,
Thy guardian Angel standeth
near.

Dear Angel, if my feet should
stray
Along the paths that lead to sin,
Forsake me not, but strive and
pray
For Mary's sake my soul to win.

239. BEAUTIFUL ANGEL.

Guardian angel,
From heav'n ■ bright,
Watching beside me,
To lead me aright,
Fold thy wings round me
O guard me with love,
Softly sing songs to me,
Of heav'n above.

Chorus.

Beautiful angel,
My guardian ■ mild,
Tenderly guide me,
For I am thy child.

Angel so holy!
Whom God sends to me,
Sinful and lowly,
My guardian to be—
Wilt thou not cherish
The child of thy care?
Let me not perish—
My trust is thy prayer.

O may I never
Forget thou art near;
But keep me ever
In love and in fear.
Waking and sleeping,
In labor and rest,
In thy sweet keeping,
My life shall be blest.

Angel, dear Angel,
Oh, close by me stay;
Safe from harm shield me,
All ill keep away—

Then thou wilt lead me
When this life is o'er
To Jesus and Mary
T praise evermore.

240. PARADISE.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek thy happy land
Where they that loved are blest.

Chorus.

Where loyal hearts and true,
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay?
Bright death that is the welcome
dawn,
Of our eternal day.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to ■ Him near.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more;

I want to be ■ pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore

O Paradise. O Paradise
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest
Lord
Is furnishing for me.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience: I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song.

241. JERUSALEM.

Jerusalem, my happy home.
When shall I come to thee;
When shall my sorrows have an
end,
Thy joys when shall I see.

Chorus.

Jerusalem, Jerusalem,
God grant that I may see,
Thine endless joys, and of the
same,
Partake eternally.

Ah my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Oh would I were in thee;
Would that my woes were at an
end,
Thy joys that I might see.

There David stands, with harp
in hand
Of tone ■ rich and clear;

Ten thousand times, that man
were blest
That might this music hear.

Our Lady sings, "Magnificat,"
With voice surpassing sweet,
And all the Virgins bear their
part,
In singing at her feet.

Te Deum, doth St. Ambrose sing,
St. Austin swells the strain,
And countless bands of holy choirs
Give back the loud refrain.

242. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly light, amid the en-
circling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far
from home,
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask
to see
The distant scene—one step
enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed
that Thou
Should'st lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path
but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite
of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember
not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest
me, sure it still

Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen o'er crag and
 torrent till
 The night is gone,
 And with the morn those angel
 faces smile,
 Which I have loved long since,
 and lost awhile.

243. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

Faith of our Fathers! living still,
 In spite of dungeon, fire and
 sword,
 Oh, Ireland's hearts beat high
 with joy,
 When'er they hear that glorious
 word.

Chorus.

Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
 We'll be true to thee till death!
 Faith of our Fathers! Holy Faith!
 We'll be true to thee till death.

Our Fathers, chained in prisons
 dark,
 Were still in heart and con-
 science free;
 How sweet would b their chil-
 dren's fate,
 If they, like them, could die
 for thee.

Faith of our Fathers! Mary's
 prayers
 Shall keep our country fast to
 thee;
 And through the truth that comes
 from God,
 O we shall prosper and be free.

Faith of our Fathers! distant
 shores

Their happy faith to Ireland owe;
 Then in our home, O shall we not
 Break the dark plots against
 thee now?

244. THE WAITING SOULS.

They are waiting for our peti-
 tions,

Silent and calm.

Their lips no prayer can utter,
 No suppliant's psalm;

We have made them all too weary
 With long delay,
 For the Souls in their still agony,
 Good Christian, pray.
 Requiescat in Pace.

For the soul thou holdest dearest
 Let prayers arise,
 The voice of love is mighty
 And will pierce the skies.
 Waste not in selfish weeping
 One precious day,
 But speeding thy love to Heaven,
 Good Christian, pray.
 Requiescat in Pace.

For the soul by all forgotten,
 Even its own;
 By its nearest and its dearest
 Left all alone;
 Whisper a De Profundis
 Or gently lay
 Alms in some beggar's out-
 stretched palm,
 Good Christian pray.
 Requiescat in Pace.

For the soul that is nearest heaven,
That sees the gate
Now ajar, and the light within,
And yet must wait
Ere the angels come to convoy it
In bright array,
For the eager soul so near to joy,
Good Christian, pray.
Requiescat in Pace.

The soul that most loved our Lady,
For our Lady's love,
Speed with thy supplication
To its home above;
And our Mother in benediction
Her hand will lay
Tenderly on thy bowed-down head,
Good Christian, pray.
Requiescat in Pace.

245. HYMN FOR THE HOLY SOULS.

Holy Souls in darkness pining
Pining for the blissful light,
Waiting, longing, ever sighing,
To be freed from sorrow's night.
To be freed from keenest anguish,
From your prison house of pain,
From the flames wherein you
languish
May you soon deliverance gain.

Chorus.

Mercy, sweetest Jesus, mercy,
On the souls to us dear,
Fathers, mothers, sisters, brothers,
Our petitions for them hear.

2.

Mercy, sweetest Jesus, mercy,
To them grant eternal rest,
Shed perpetual light upon them,
Place them soon among the blest.

Mercy, loving Jesus, mercy,
Grant them endless rest and light,
And may beams of heavenly radiance
Cheer their long and weary night.

3.

Heart of Jesus be my refuge,
Heart of Mary ever pure,
Be thou my salvation ever,
My reward in Heaven secure.
Mercy, O my Jesus, mercy,
Sacred Heart I call on Thee,
Heart of Jesus, meek and humble,
Make me love humility.

Chorus.

Sweet and Sacred Heart of Jesus,
Make my poor heart like to
Thine,
Be my name in letters golden,
Written in Its depths divine.

4.

May God's Holy Will be praised,
Blessed, adored and glorified,
Here on earth, in highest Heaven,
While eternal ages glide.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, loving,
This one favor I implore

That I never cease to love Thee
Always, Jesus, more and more.

Chorus.

Mercy, Jesus, oh, have mercy
On the poor forgotten souls,
In Thy Precious Blood, oh, cleanse
them,
Take them to Thy blest abode.

246. DIRGE.

Let a pious prayer be said
For the spirits of the dead,
That their suffering may cease,
That they soon may rest in peace.

Chorus.

Hear us, Father, while we pray
For the loved ones passed away,
Show them mercy, grant them rest,
In the City of the blest,
Miserere, Miserere, Miserere.

If a blemish or a stain
Should upon their souls remain,
Until cleansed they cannot rise
To the gates of Paradise.

But our prayer for those we love,
Rises to the Lord above,
By our Saviour's Holy Name,
They are rescued from the flame.

247. DE PROFUNDIS.

De profundis clamavi ad Te Domine!
Domine | Domine exaudi vocem meam.

Fiant aures tuæ intendentes, | in
vocem deprecationes meæ.
Si iniquitates observaveris Domine,
| Domine quis sustinebit.
Quia apud Te propitiatio est,
et propter legem Tuam sustinui Te Domine.
Sustinuit anima mea, in verbo
ejus, | speravit anima mea in
Domino.

A custodia matutina usque ad
noctem, | speret Israel in
Domino.

Quia apud Dominum misericordia, |
et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

Et Ipse redimet Israel | ex omnibus
iniquitatibus ejus.

Requiem æternam dona eis Domine;
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

248. MISERERE. Psalm L.

(For Lent, Funerals and Penitential
Occasions.)

Miserere mei Deus, secundum magnam
misericordiam tuam.

Et secundum multitudinem miserationum
tuarum, dele iniquitatem meam:

Amplius lava me ab iniquitate
mea, et a peccato meo
munda me;

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego
cognosco, et peccatum meum contra me est
semper.

Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram te feci;
ut justificeris in sermonibus tuis, et vincas
cum judicaris.

Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum, et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti; incerta et occulta sapientiæ tuæ manifestasti mihi.

Asperges me hyssopo, et munda-
bor; lavabis me, et super
nivem dealbabor.

Auditui meo dabis gaudium et
lætitiā; et exultabunt ossa
humiliata.

Averte faciem tuam a peccatis
meis, et iniquitates
meas dele.

Cor mundum crea in me, Deus, et
spiritum rectum innova in
visceribus meis.

Ne projicias me a facie tua, et
Spiritus Sanctum tuum ne
auferas a me.

Redde mihi lætitiā salutaris tui,
et spiritu principali confirma
me.

Docebo iniquos vias tuas; et
impii ad te convertentur.

Libera me de sanguinibus, Deus,
Deus salutis meæ; et exul-
tabit lingua justitiā
tuam.

Domine, labia mea aperies; et
os meum annuntiabit lau-
dem tuam.

Quoniam si voluisses, sacrificium
dedissem utique; holocaustis
delectaberis.

Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribu-
latus; cor contritum et

humiliatum, Deus, non de-
spicies.

Benigne fac, Domine, in bona
voluntate tua Sion, ut
ædificentur muri Jerusalem.

Tunc acceptabis sacrificium jus-
titiae, oblationes et holocausta;
tunc imponent super
altare tuum vitulos.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui
Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio et nunc et
semper, et in sæcula
sæculorum. Amen.

249. O SALUTARIS.

O Salutaris hostia,
Qui cœli pandis ostium,
Bella premunt hostilia,
Da robur, fer auxilium.

Uni trinoque Domino,
Sit sempiterna gloria,
Qui vitam sine termino,
Nobis donet in Patria.

250. TANTUM ERGO.

Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum,
Novo cedat ritui,
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

Genitori Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio;
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio,
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

V. Panem de coelo præstitisti
eis.

R. Omne delectamentum in ■
habentem.

251. ADOREMUS IN AETER- NUM.

Adoremus in æternum Sanc-
tissimum Sacramentum.

Laudate Dominum omnes gentes
laudate eum omnes populi.

Quoniam confirmata est super
nos misericordia ejus; et veritas
Domini manet in æternum.

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui
Sancto.

Sicut erat in principio, et nunc,
et semper et in sæcula sæculorum.
—Amen.

252. HOLY GOD.

Holy God, we praise Thy name,
Lord of all, we bow before Thee,
All ■ earth Thy sceptre claim,
All in Heaven above adore Thee;
Infinite Thy vast domain,
Everlasting is Thy reign.

Hark! the loud celestial hymn,
Angel choirs above are raising;
Cherubim and Seraphim
In unceasing chorus raising
Fill the Heavens with sweet accord,
Holy! Holy! Holy Lord.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit Three we name Thee.
While in essence only One
Undivided God we claim Thee,
And adoring bend the knee
While we own the mystery.

253. TE DEUM.

Te Deum laudamus: ■ te Dom-
inum confitemur.

Te æternum Patrem ■ omnis
terra veneratur.

Tibi omnes angeli, ■ tibi cœli,
et universæ postestates:

Tibi cherubim et seraphim ■
incessabili voce proclamant:

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus ■ Dom-
inus Deus Sabaoth.

Pleni sunt cœli et terra ■ ma-
jestatis gloriæ tuæ.

Te gloriosus ■ Apostolorum
chorus.

Te Prophetarum ■ laudabilis
numerus.

Te Martyrum candidatus ■ laudat
exercitus.

Te per orbem: errarum ■ sancta
confitetur Ecclesia.

Patrem ■ immensæ majestatis.
Venerandum tuum verum ■ et

unicum Filium.
Sanctum quoque ■ Paraclitum

Spiritum.

Tu Rex gloriæ, ■ Christe

Tu Patris ■ sempiternus es Filius.

Tu ad liberandum suscepturus hominem, * non horruisti Virginis uterum.

Tu devicto mortis aculeo * aperuisti credentibus regna cælorum.

Tu ad dexteram Dei sedes, * in gloria Patris.

Judex crederis * esse venturus.
† Te ergo quæsumus, tuis famulis subveni, * quos pretioso sanguine redemisti.

Æterna fac cum Sanctis tuis * in gloria numerari.

Salvum fac populum tuum. Domine, * et benedic hereditati tuæ.

Et rege eos, et extolle illos, * usque in æternum.

Per singulos dies * benedicimus te.

Et laudamus nomen tuum in sæculum, * et in sæculum sæculi.

Dignare, Domine, die isto, sine peccato nos custodire.

Miserere nostri, Domine, * miserere nostri.

Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos: * quemadmodum speravimus in te.

In te, Domine, speravi: non confundar in æternum.

*Here it is usual to kneel.

We praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship Thee: the Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud: the heavens and all the powers therein:

To Thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry:

Holy, holy, holy: Lord God of Sabaoth.

Heaven and earth ■■■ full of the majesty of Thy glory.

The glorious choir of the Apostles praise Thee.

The admirable company of the Prophets praise Thee.

The white-robed army of martyrs praise Thee.

The Holy Church throughout all the world doth acknowledge Thee.

The Father of infinite majesty.

Thy adorable, true and only Son.

Also the Holy Ghost the Comforter.

Thou art the King of glory, O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father.

When Thou tookest upon Thee to deliver man, Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When Thou hadst overcome the sting of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the glory of the Father.

We believe that Thou shalt come, to be our Judge.

We pray Thee, therefore, help Thy servants: whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered

with Thy saints 'in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save Thy people, and bless Thine inheritance.

Govern them, and lift them up forever.

Day by day we magnify Thee.

And we praise Thy name forever, yea forever and ever.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, this day to keep us without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us; have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let Thy mercy be showered upon us, ■ we have hoped in Thee.

O Lord, in Thee have I hoped; let me not be confounded forever.

254. PANGE LINGUA.

1.

Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi,
Quem in mundi pretium,
Fructus ventris generosi
Rex effudit gentium.

2.

Nobis datus, nobis natus
Ex intacta Virgine.
Et in mundo conversatus
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

3.

In supremæ nocte cernæ
Recumbens cum fratribus,

Observata lege plene,
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbæ duodenæ
Sedat suis manibus.

4.

Verbum caro, panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit;
Fitque sanguis Christi merum
Et si sensus deficit:
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola fides sufficit.

5.

Tantum ergo, Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui
Et antiquum documentum,
Novo cedat ritui,
Præstet fides supplementum,
Sensuum defectui.

6.

Genitori, Genitoque
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque
Sit et benedictio,
Procedenti ab utroque
Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

255. VEXILLA REGIS.

1.

Vexilla regis prodeunt!
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Qua vita mortem pertulit
Et morte vitam protulit.

2.

Quæ vulnerata lanceæ
Mucrone diro, criminum,
Ut nos lavaret sordibus,
Manavit unda et sanguine.

3.

Impleta sunt, quæ concinit
David fideli carmine,
Dicendo nationibus:
Regnavit a ligno Deus.

4.

Arbor decora, et fulgida,
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere.

5.

Beata cujus brachiis,
Pretium pendit sæculi,
Statæra facta corporis,
Tulitque prædam tartari.

6.

O Crux, ove, spes unica,
Hoc Passionis tempore
Piis adauge gratiam,
Reisque dele crimina.

7.

Te fons salutis Trinitas,
Collaudet omnis spiritus:
Quibus crucis victoriam,
Largiris adde præmium.

256 STABAT MATER

1. At the cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.

2 Through her heart His sorrow
sharing,

All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had
passed.

3 Oh, how sad and sore distressed
Was that mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!

4 Christ above in torment hangs,
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.

5 Is there one who would not weep,
Whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear Mother to behold?

6 Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother's pain untold?

7 Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender child
All with bloody scourges rent.

8 For the sins of His own nation
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His Spirit forth He sent.

9 O Thôu Mother, fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with thine accord.

10 Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt
With the Love of Christ, my Lord.

11 Holy Mother! pierce me through
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Saviour crucified.

12 Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.

13 Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourned for
me,
All the days that I may live.

14 By the cross with thee to stay,
There with thee to weep and pray,
Is all I ask of thee to give.

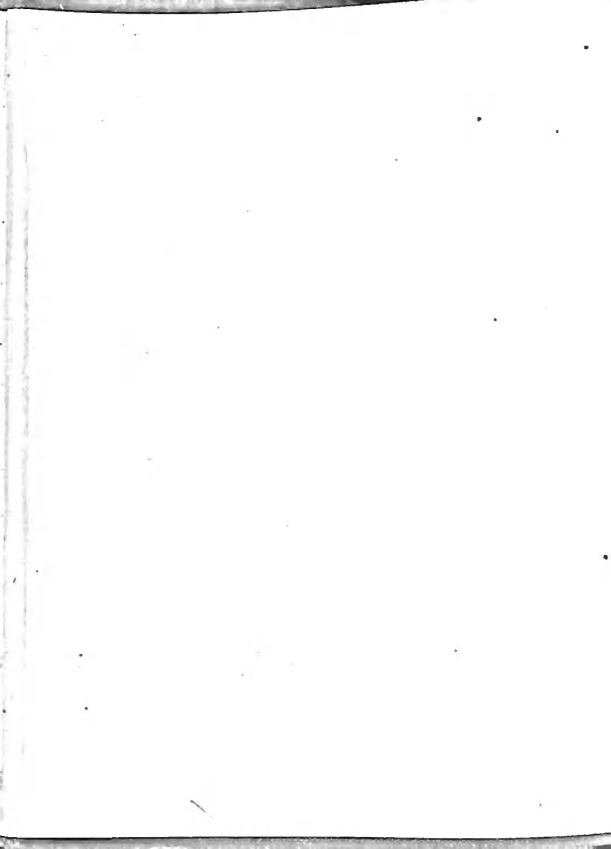
15 Virgin of all virgins blest;
Listen to my fond request:

Let me share thy grief divine.

16 Let me to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death.
Of that dying Son of thine.

17 Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it has swooned
In His very blood away;

18 Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die
In His awful judgment day.



8.00